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THE

SMILING BOY

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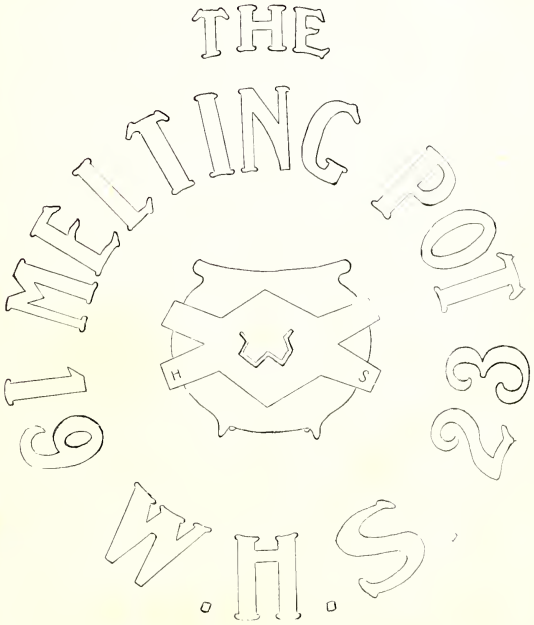

FOREWORD

If, in the dim haze of the distant future, when many a grain of sand has trickled through the glass of time, these pages shall echo the friendship and joy of our High School life and awaken recollections of our happy W. H. S. days, then this book will be memories' dearest possession, and our work will not have been in vain. When the winter time of our lives has come to us and we take down this volume, dusty, tattered and worn, there in the dull glow of the dying embers may we live again in reverie those happy days at dear old Winchester High School

THE MELTING POT 1923, WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

Annual Staff Officers

Editor-in-chief	Louise Crain	Circulating Manager	Marguerite Brown
Business Manager	Edgar Ross	Literary Editor	Margaret Draher
Advertising Managers	Edwin Moorman, Gerald Davis	Athletic Editor	Roger Reynard
Social Editor	Pauline Best	Joke Editor	Robert Mills
Alumni Editor	Marjorie Gray	Faculty Advisor	Mr. Kemp

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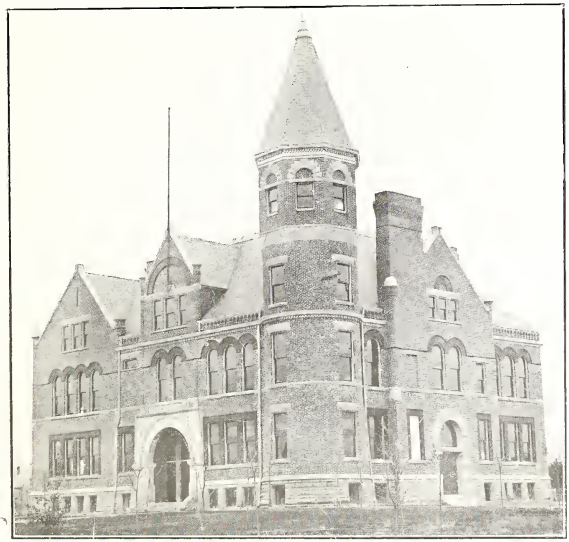


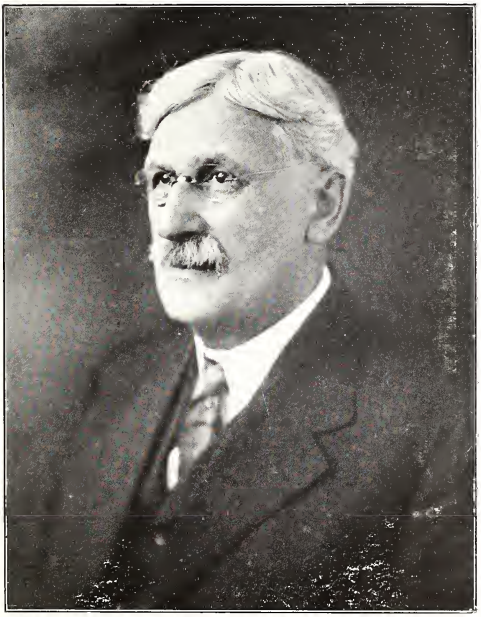
DEDICATION

The Class of '23 affectionately dedicates this, the third volume of the "Melting Pot" to our Fathers and Mothers

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Davis
Dr. and Mrs. Fred Gray
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hinshaw
Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Crain
Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Ross
Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Williams
Mr. and Mrs. M. Reynard
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Harrison
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. Troy Kemp
Mr. and Mrs. T. McDougle
Mr. and Mrs. T. Turner
Mrs. S. Draher
Mrs. Mae Wallace
Mr. Tom Best
Mrs. H. Wassen
Mrs. A. Rocheleau
Mr. Herschel Mills
Mrs. Otho Moorman
Mr. and Mrs. Andy Boomer
Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Goodman
Mr. and Mrs. L. Fisher
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Phistner

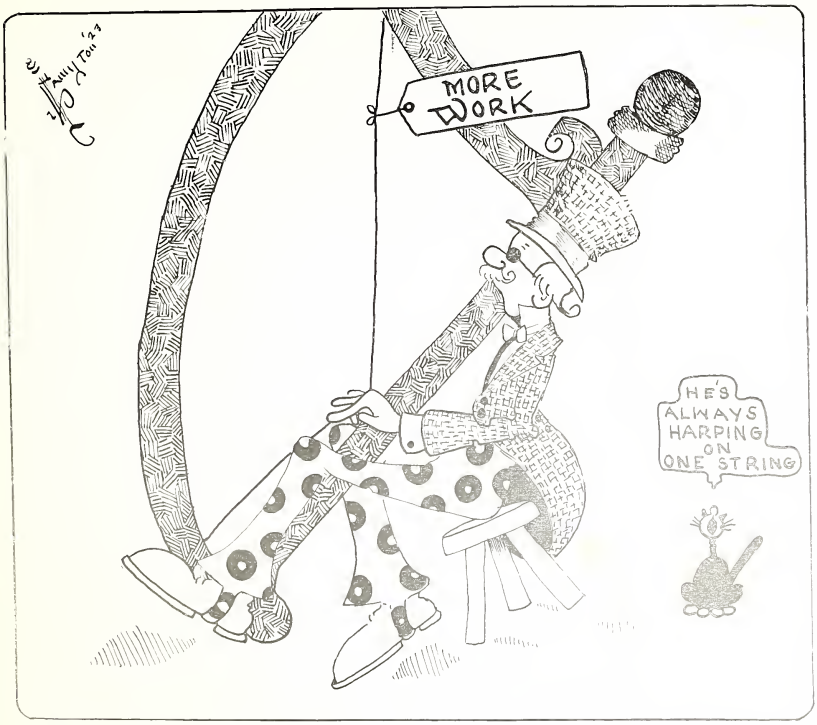
Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Strahan

To the ones who have cared for us many a day,
Have guided our work and shared in our play,
Whose love is the truest and still the most free,
The Fathers and Mothers of Class '23.

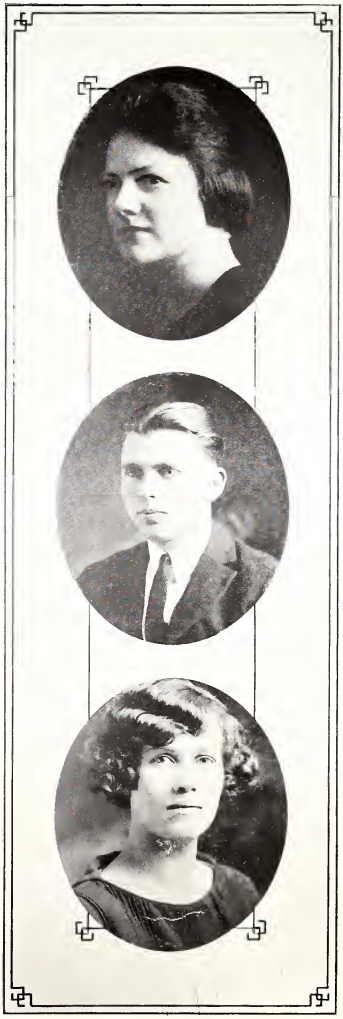


Oscar R. Baker
Superintendent of Schools

C. R. Schmitkin
Principal of Winchester High School



FACULTY



HELEN GORDON

DePauw A. B.

English

RALPH R. HARRIS

Earlham College A. B.
Muncie Normal

Science
English
Mathematics

JUANITA HARDMAN

Wisconsin University

Mathematics

Mary Marlatt

Depauw University A. B.

Latin

C. D. Kemp

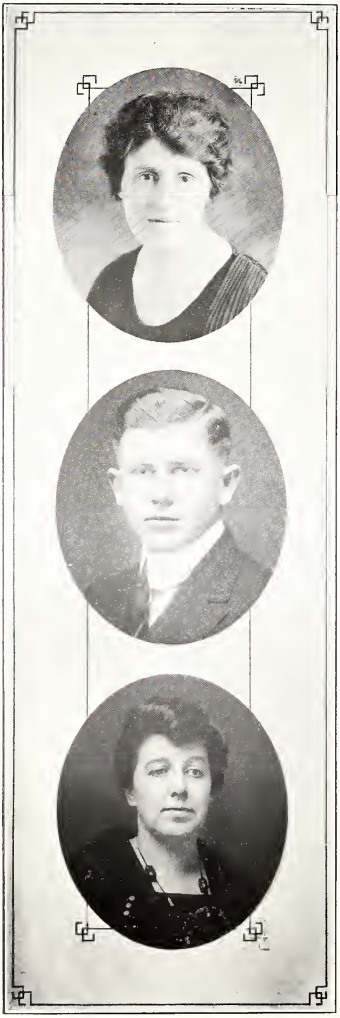
Illinois University A. B.

Science
Mathematics

Cordelia Lahr

Bluffton College A. B.

French



KATE G. BAKER
Indiana University A. B.

History
Economics

J. W. HUBER
Terre Haute State Normal
Muncie Normal
Officers Training Camp

Manual Training

MRS. LATHROP
Terre Haute State Normal
Indiana University

Music

OUR TEACHERS

Now teachers dear,
Don't shed a tear
For what we say is true;
For we should know
By your poor show
The things most concerned about you.

Now Mr. Schmitkins
He raises the dickens
About the things we do;
But you can bet
That you will get
The grades that are coming to you.

Mary Marlatt
She is so fat
She almost makes us merry;
But when she talks
She almost squaks
When she speaks of her library.

Skeet Hardman's a darb
Her tongue is a barb
And she cans us every day;
And out on the floor
She pulls down the score
And they shovel the hearts away.

Oh! Miss Baker
He's going to take her
We wish them well, we do;
For our History grades
You should see them fade
We hope they'll hurry and skidoo.

Mr. Kemp is small
And our grades do fall
Clear down into deep dark pits;
Now he's quick and strong
And generally wrong
But if you ask him he'll loan you "two bits."

Miss Garden likes autos
Miss Garden likes Roscoe
But we know what she likes best;
It's the day we go in
With pencil and pen
To take her awful test.

Miss Lahr is small
But that doesn't call
For an apology from us;
For her French class
(We guess it will pass)
She feeds them French till they bust.

Mr. Harris likes summer
He sure picked a hummer
But he must be careful you ask;
For a school teacher's pay
We have heard by the way
Doesn't pile up the revenue fast.

Mr. Huber don't know
Whether it rains or it snows
But he knows where the hammers are kept;
When the report cards return
At the end of the term
You can tell that somebody wept.

Miss Carringer is sweet
Miss Carringer is neat
But we know that she can't cook;
And we pity the man
Who has to stand
The things made out of a book.

Mrs. Lathrop is large
Her mind's a garage
For the music she has in her head;
And her songs are swell
The pupils most yell
And her orchestra puts you to bed.

O. Edgar Ross

A TRIP TO LEGISLATURE

ON February 7, 1923, ten expectant students, chaperoned by Mr. Baker boarded the train for Indianapolis, where we were to visit the session of the State Legislature. The train was late in arriving and those of us who had eaten no breakfast were beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. However, with Mr. Baker's consent, we separated into small groups and went in seek of food. After breakfast we all bought tickets for "The Bat," which was then being played at the Murat Theatre. Profiting by the experience of the Class of '21, we went to the Capitol at 10 o'clock, instead of presenting ourselves at the early hour of 9 o'clock. Mr. Addington, our representative, introduced us to the House. Very modestly (?) we arose amid great applause, quite elated over being the center of attraction. When again settled comfortably in our seats, we listened very attentively expecting to leave the building with a greater store of knowledge than we had previously possessed.

Much to our dismay the business was conducted in much the same manner as our Annual Staff meetings.

In about half an hour, being tired of the continuous expoundings of our lawmakers, we adjourned to the Senate hoping for better results.

We arrived just in time to witness a most heated argument between the Democrats and the Republicans. The arguments continued until about twelve o'clock, when the lieutenant-governor, seeing that no headway was being made, adjourned the meeting.

Immediately after lunch the various groups again separated and went to the theatre after which a few went shopping (in the 10c store), searching for souvenirs.

A few came back on the 9 o'clock train while the others prefering a few more hours of city life, spent the evening enjoying another show.

Promptly at 1:15 A. M. the others, tired and sleepy arrived at "home sweet home" completely satisfied with their day's escapade.

The next day, when called upon to tell our classmates what took place in the legislature, we evaded that with a few abstract remarks and based our recitation on "The Bat" which we remembered much better than the details of the Appropriation Bill.

M. B. B.

TO THE W. H. S.

Long have I been departed
From the schools of my boyhood days,
I look back with a certain longing
O'er the dull and traveled ways.

"To a school-to-me-the-best there is
And feel proud, I will confess
To doff my cap 'fore all the world
To the good old W. H. S.

In Memoriam

Memorial to Christine L. Cropper

True, all we know must die,
Though none can tell the exact appointed hour;
Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death doth crush the oak, or nip the opening flower.

Unstained by any crime,
Which to maturer years might owe their birth,
In summer's earliest bloom, or morning prime,
How blessed are they who quit this checkered earth!

Thus was our beloved friend and class mate, Christine Louise Cropper, called into that far away land, in September, 1921, at the age of seventeen years. Christine was "unstained by any crime which to matnrer years might owe their birth," for she was yomng at her death and we may be thankful that she escaped the trials and hardships that so many of us must endnre.

Christine was a loyal member of her class, and to all her friends. Even though she snffered with poor health the greater years of her life, she was always smiling, never complaining. Every one who knew her, loved her and even though we do not understand why she was called "Home" so early, we are sure that she is much happier and although we can never forget her, we mnst not mourn because of her leaving us. We will all see her again some day and be happier in the second meeting.

Louise Crain.

In Memoriam

RALPH BAILEY

As the glory of the autumn with the ripening of the leaves,
Marks the ending of the harvest and the binding of the sheaves,
So there seemed a fitting beauty in the glory of the day,
That marked the peaceful ending of the life that's passed away,
And the waning of the season with its fruits all bravely won,
Blended with the finished life, as though the two were one.

Ralph was born November 10, 1904, and left us September 23, 1922. He was the embodiment of manly spirit, always happy, eager to please, and contented with his lot. He was one of the brightest and most steadfast of our student body.

MARGARET DRATHER.

SENIORS

Esther Williams

"If she will she will, you can depend on it;
If she wont she wont, that's the end of it.

Esther does everything from dancing to driving a Ford. She prefers out of town fellows and we hear that she wears a diamond. She has a newly aroused interest in baseball which we are at a loss to account for.

Gerald Davis

"Yet believe me good as well as ill
Woman at best is a contradiction still."

Because of his wit and humor his appearance is always hailed with delight. His chief pastime is arguing, and his chief occupation is eating at Payne's Cafe, his chief saying is "Red hair is no fire insurance, but I use asbestos."

Isabelle Phistner

"It's good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true."

She's neither short nor small—just tall. Every day in every way, we believe, she grows taller and taller. During her four years in High School she has been a member of the Girls' Basket Ball Team. She is a February graduate.

Edgar Ross

"I'm not the one who shoots the dove,
For I am overshoes in love."

Edgar is another one who completed his work in three and one-half years. We have found that he possesses unusual business ability (which may help him to keep down expenses later on).

LOUISE CRAIN

"After you've met you're glad you've met her,
And once you've met her you can't forget her"

Louise has a charming personality and has the ability of a true leader. By her strategem she has he'd the class together and consequently much has been accomplished this year.

ROBERT HINSHAW

"Time is an unnecessary element in education,
But time is a necessary element in affection."

He loves the BEST. We cannot say that his affair is so fully developed as the Brown-Ross affair but we might say that the two cases are twins.

SARAH FISHER

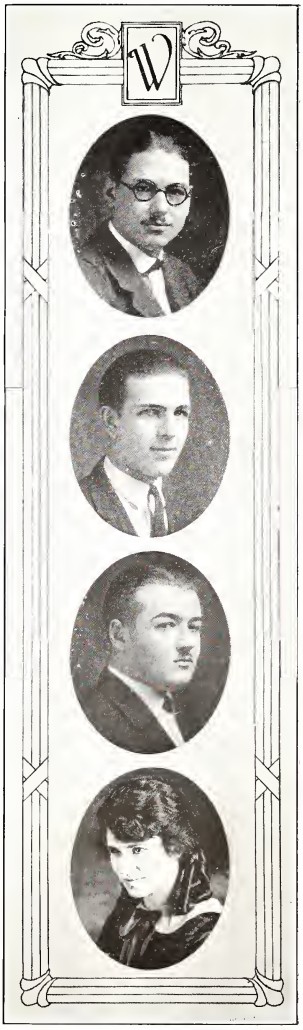
"Of all my studies I have found it hardest to woo."

She joined our merry crowd in the Sophomore year. She hails from Jefferson High School. Although she has a tender spot in her heart for Jefferson, she is loyal to the W. H. S.

MARJORY GRAY

"A little spark of mischief.

She's a girl of vivacity, vim and pep. Her grey eyes are always dancing in anticipation of some amusement. Majory was on the debating team that debated with Portland.



EDWIN MOORMAN

"Since ignorance is bliss,
No wonder I'm happy."

Eddie is our joy and our sorrow. If you are on the hunt of amusement just stay around Eddie. He is a member of our noted High School Quartet. It seems to be necessary for a girl to have red hair in order to capture Eddie. (Be careful, Eddie, of those transoms. We haven't time to pull you out.)

JOHN WALLACE

"The surest way to woman's heart is to take aim kneeling"

He likes the women—but how about Marjorie? "Dago" is a shining star in all sports. He likes the W. H. S. so very much that he has prolonged his stay until this year.

ROBERT MILLS

"Must I work?
Oh, what a waste of time."

Many's the time we have been entertained by Robert, both instrumentally and vocally. He has proven the old saying that "fat men are always jolly."

CARRIE GOODMAN

"True happiness consists, not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice."

If you have met a sweet, modest, yet jolly girl, with grey eyes and dark curls, that's Carrie. She is one of our classmates to whom a one hundred is very common. She drives five miles to success.

MARGUERITE BROWN

"To love and not to show one's love,
Has the infinite unhappiness of an unfinished song."

Marguerite has devoted her entire High School life to the interests of her class (and Edgar). She enjoys a good debate, and was one of the members of our debating team which debated with Union City.

FLORA WASSON

"Although she appears demure and quiet,
Short acquaintance would belie it."

Flora is the nearest we have to a true flapper, but we know her flapperism goes no farther than appearances. Flora's two main faults are giggling and her ability to "make breaks," but aside from that she is a jolly good sport. She is a February graduate.

EUGENE BEST

"The devil can cite scripture for his purpose."

Eugene worked hard to get through High School as quickly as possible. He has been one of our most enthusiastic students, always ready to defend his views, but never narrow-minded. He is a February graduate.

ETHELYN BROWN

"She's a girl unknown to folly,
Always laughing, game and jolly."

Ethelyn was always willing to stand by the class in anything they tried to do. We appreciate the fact that she was always willing to give her services to the High School. She is a February graduate.

PAULINE BEST

"Love to one, friendship to many, and good wishes to all."

Pauline is one of our quietest and brightest, yet is out for fun and joins in all activities. She earned her reputation in our Freshman class when one of the teachers told her that her name suited her—implying that she was our best.

MILDRED MCDOUGLE

"Quietness never frightened any man away."

Mildred is one of the modernists in that she believes that women as well as men should follow a profession. She aspires to be an Osteopath. She is a February graduate.

OLIVE DENTON

"Silent and attentive too."

She is so small and quiet that we are seldom aware of her presence. Olive's heart, however, is large even though she is small in stature.

EDITH KEMP

"Sometimes those who say the least know the most."

Edith is another of our excellent students. She says little, but what she says is certainly worth saying.

KENNETH BOOMER

"The secret of success is constant work."

Boomer keeps the class shining—(dime, please). Helen is his inspiration, heart and soul, then graduation. We hope that he may take up Tree Surgery as he wants to. Oh yes, we almost forgot to mention that he "bootlegs" notes for the High School Quartet.

MARGARET DRAHER

"Her eyes are as black as the berry that grows by the wayside,
Black yet how softly they gleam 'neath the brown shade of her tresses."

Margaret is our star Senior having gone through High School in the short period of three years. She is a February graduate.

GILBERT HARRISON

"Slowly, slowly must I go,—
Ever chastened and called slow."

Gilbert has been with us since we have been in High School, and always has been faithful to our class.

MARGARET TURNER

"Ordinarily strong willed she fell,
She could not resist the temptation of bobbed hair."

She entered High School a semester after the class, but by her untiring efforts she has completed four years work in three and one-half years, making it possible to graduate with us. We are glad to have you with us, Margaret.

ROGER REYNARD

"How sweet and sacred idleness is."

Roger has been with the W. H. S. more than his allotted time, but we are glad to have him graduate with us. He has played basket ball several years and is one of our best players.

Seniors

When we were little Freshmen
We were so shy you know,
We used to sit with downcast eyes
For fear we'd make a show.

But when we grew to Sophomores
We were quite a bit more bold,
We would soon be upper classmen
What an honor that was to hold.

We finally achieved our ambition
For we were Juniors sly;
We took all our exams that year
I'll bet you can't guess why!!!

But we are SENIORS now you know
We feel so dignified;
We have to leave this old schoolhouse
And go elsewhere to abide.

We have departed from that place
Never to enter again,
And I'm sure when we're out in the great wide world
We'll do as much as we can.

MARGUERITE BROWN.

SENIORS

IN the same manner as the tourist prepares for his journey, so must each of us prepare himself for the journey of life. Each member of the Class of 1923 has chosen a high school education as a prerequisite to the extensive journey that must necessarily follow. Although the majority of us will forget what we have studied in our High School course, we can never forget those moral, social and religious principles which have been so laboriously instilled in our minds.

For the initial preparation of this journey we were given the name of Freshman. In the bottom of the trunk, which we will take with us on the journey, may be found the accomplishments of our Freshman year. Our physical superiority was made manifest in Basket Ball. Our Scholastic standing had not come into prominence, but the teachers made favorable predictions for the future. We proved to be Juniors and the Student body that we were skilled in the art of entertaining.

When the bottom of the trunk was filled and we began to pack the first tray, we were known as the Sophomores. Our packing became more systematic, each nook and corner being utilized.

At length we began to fill the last tray, and we were termed Juniors. As the last tray of the trunk is always the most difficult to pack, because of the innumerable necessities that must go in, the Junior year is the hardest year in the High School because of the many requirements. There are those confounded debates and orations which are taken along, as advised by former tourists. The Junior-Senior Banquet is the bane of every Junior's existence. Hastily we threw in the document that nearly prevented us from making our journey and closed the lid.

On a journey one must take such articles as the comb, hair brush, soap, powder, tooth-brush and maybe shaving equipment, in a suitcase, for such things are of so great importance to a person and are in such constant use that they must be kept at hand. Likewise, we must pack the broadmindedness, the dignity, the sincerity and the ideals, which one acquires in the Senior Year. These are the essential qualities that everyone needs throughout life. Then with happy thoughts we carefully pack the thesis, the Ivy planting, Class Day, Junior-Senior Debate and the required number of credits to graduate. There must be some place for responsibility. And so our suitcase has been filled with odds and ends, but nevertheless, they are the things that will prove to the world our true worth.

Now that we are finished packing, we are ready to start on the journey. We, as Seniors, have a great mission to fulfill. No better opportunity for a life of service has ever been offered to the young people of the world as we Seniors have been offered here in America. True leaders of progress are needed, leaders who strive toward something better. In this journey, there will be few to whom we may safely go for advice. He who "some day we will rise up and call blessed" has fulfilled His mission, and it is up to us to "Carry On."

"The South Sea Isles"

Dey all talk about dem heathens dat live in dem South Sea Isles.
But folks, to my notion, dey got us beat and beat a million miles.
Dey doant worrie about a dress suit, for you see dey got no stiles.
For dey got oceans of blue grass, stacked up in awful piles.

Dey doant worrie about a being late upon a appointed time.
For dey haint got no railways, not even a street car line.
Dey doant worrie about de frost an snow and de coal strikes as we.
But spend de day as dey see best, always jis as happy as dey kin be.

Dey doant worrie about paying bills, such as electric lights.
For the sun shines till it sets, and den dey call it nite.
Dey doant worrie about buying gifts on certain days.
For they have no Valentines.

But dey keep de doctors busy, just a mixing Iodine.
For dey got skeeters down there, like fish in the salty brine.
So folks yuh see dey got us beat, an beat a million miles.
An I hope you all kin see my reasons for moving to The South Sea Isles.

Skinny Davis, Sophomore, '23.

CLASS WILL

WE, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three, realizing that the day of our graduation is dawning upon us, wish to avert the possible claims and contentions over the miscellaneous collection which we have accumulated during our favorite and industrious existence (???) do solemnly swear this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

To our principal, Mr. Schmitkin, we bequeath a bell rope for his glasses, hoping that it will prove as beneficial to him, as his present one.

To Miss Baker, we will the blue bird of happiness. May it remain with her throughout her life.

To Miss Marlatt, the small amount of five dollars for the library, which seems to be her chief interest.

To Mr. Kemp, a policeman's "billy" in order that he may better patrol the assembly.

To Miss Gordon, an everlasting guarantee not to come off, nose whitener.

To Mr. Harris, a special comb for parting the hair straight. Make use of it, Ralph.

To Miss Hardman, the sincere wish that she retain her girlish looks forever.

To Mr. Huber, a special lotion, to keep golden colored hair from curling on rainy days.

To Miss Garringer, a book on "How to Reduce."

To Miss Lahr, a box of "Pep." We want to hear her as well as see her.

To Mrs. Lathrop, a baton, hoping that she will have better success in keeping time.

ARTICLE II

Our best wishes to the Basket Ball Team.

We sincerely hope that they win a recognized standing in the county next year.

We bequeath to the slothful but talented class of '22, our commiserations for their wretched "Senior" publication.

ARTICLE III

I, Olive Denton, do bequeath my naturally quiet and unobtrusive demeanor to Florence Pike.

I, Edgar Ross, do bequeath my domineering and egotistical manner to Jehu Puckett.

I, Carrie Goodman, do bequeath my naturally curly hair to Florence Bagley.

I, Isabelle Phistner, do bequeath my tall and stately stature to Helen Lucas.

I, Margaret Draher, do bequeath to the High School Library, the book, "How to go Through High School Quickly."

I, Marjorie Gray, do bequeath my oratorical ability to Francis Hunt.

I, Esther Williams, do bequeath to bobbed-haired girls my long hair, as the style is changing.

I, Edith Kemp, do bequeath my studiousness to Donald Mendenhall.

I, Mildred McDougle, do bequeath my blameless reputation to Tom Lathrop.

I, Pauline Best, do bequeath to Rolla Reyman, my restrained speech.

I, Ed Moorman, do bequeath my superfluous flesh to Elizabeth McCartney.

I, Eugene Best, do bequeath my ability to argue to Gerald Alexander.

I, Marguerite Brown, do bequeath to Margaret Johnson my devotion to one man at a time.

I, John Wallace, do bequeath my "Wallie Reed" expression to James Hiatt, hoping it will make him popular with the "fairer sex."

I, Louise Crain, do bequeath to John Copeland, my Golden Glint shampoo. Apply it generously, Johnnie.

I, Sarah Fisher, do bequeath to Geneva Brown, my talent as a debater, as she will need it on becoming a Junior.

I, Robert Mills, do bequeath my ability to "rag" to Ralph Litschert.

I, Margaret Turner, do bequeath my fondness for ear rings to Irene Crabb.

I, Flora Wasson, do bequeath my vamping certificate to Martha Belle Oren, wishing her the best of luck.

I, Gerald Davis, do bequeath my neglected poetical ability to Mary Miller to use in her spare time (?).

I, Roger Reynard, do bequeath a quarter's worth of carbolic acid and a stick of dynamite to Noble Elder. May he rest in peace (or pieces).

I, Kenneth Boomer, do bequeath my place in the High School quartette to Earl Flatters.

I, Gilbert Harrison, do bequeath my extrordinary activity to John Bales.

I, Ethelyn Brown, do bequeath my timidity and restraint of emotions to John Barnes.

I, Robert Hinshaw, do bequeath my industriousness to Fred Oxley, hoping that he will work harder in the future than he has in the past.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, this twentieth day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Mr. O. R. Baker,
Executor.

Margaret Draher.

Witnesses: Mr. Err Neff,
Mr. Troy Wolfe.

Parody on
"ODE TO THE WEST WIND"

Early one morning—up at school;
Where all is quiet, as a rule,
There was excitement in the air
And pieces of glass flew everywhere!

The janitor shouted admit the din,
But could scarcely be heard against the wind.
"Bring on a ladder, a hammer and nails"
But the wind was so strong—his efforts failed.

Finally a cardboard was nailed to the frame,
(Where once there had been a window pane),
And now that quiet had been restored—
We resumed our work, that we abhorred.

—Tom Lathrop

CLASS PROPHECY

Come one, come all, both great and small,
And listen to this tale,
For what I'm going to tell you
Will make you weep and wail.

The Senior Class of '23
Is about to say farewell,
And leave this dear old High School
And the scenes they love so well.

The class will soon be scattered
In this wide, cold world we know,
So I'll attempt to read the future
Of each of us below.

Kenneth Boomer will be raved about
As a handsome movie star,
And we shall hear of Marguerite's work,
As a missionary from afar.

Kenneth Clark will secure renown
From some wonderful invention,
While Margaret T. as a preacher
Will attract world wide attention.

A bright successful undertaker
Our Ed Moorman will be,
While John Paul will join the navy,
And fight our battles on the sea.

Bob, will fall in love, then wed
A young and pretty heiress,
While Olive's painting will be praised,
All over Rome and Paris.

The world will welcome Pauline
As the writer of the day,
While Louise is a Red Cross nurse
In thickest of the fray.

Marjorie will astonish crowds
The queen of impersonators,
While Gilbert will make a fortune
Raising garlic and "pertaters."

We'll all turn out next season
To see Edgar play ball at Yale.
And Bob Hinshaw's feats upon the track,
Will make them all turn pale.

Ethelyn, our greatest worry,
Will become a rich man's wife.
While Isabelle will vamp some fellow,
Causing him to lose his life.

In Mildred's witty eyes, I see
Traits of a great physician.
Carrie will draw millions
In some New York position.

Edith, the noted suffragette,
Will be talked of near and far.
And Esther, the elocutionist,
Will twinkle as a star.

The world will hear of Flora
The adventurer, young and pretty.
And we'll all be proud of Eugene
A poet wise and witty.

I've read the future of our class
Now shall I tell you mine?
Well, they've reserved a place at Richmond
For the writer of this rhyme.

TO MISS FLAPPER

Blessings on thee, little dame—
Bareback girls with knees the same,
With thy rolled down silken hose,
And thy short transparent clothes;
With thy red lips, reddened more
Smeared with lip stick from the store,
With thy make-up on thy face,
And thy bobbed-hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy—
Glad that I was born a boy.

"It is said that more than one person has been killed by kissing."

"Yes! But isn't it great stuff if you live through it?"

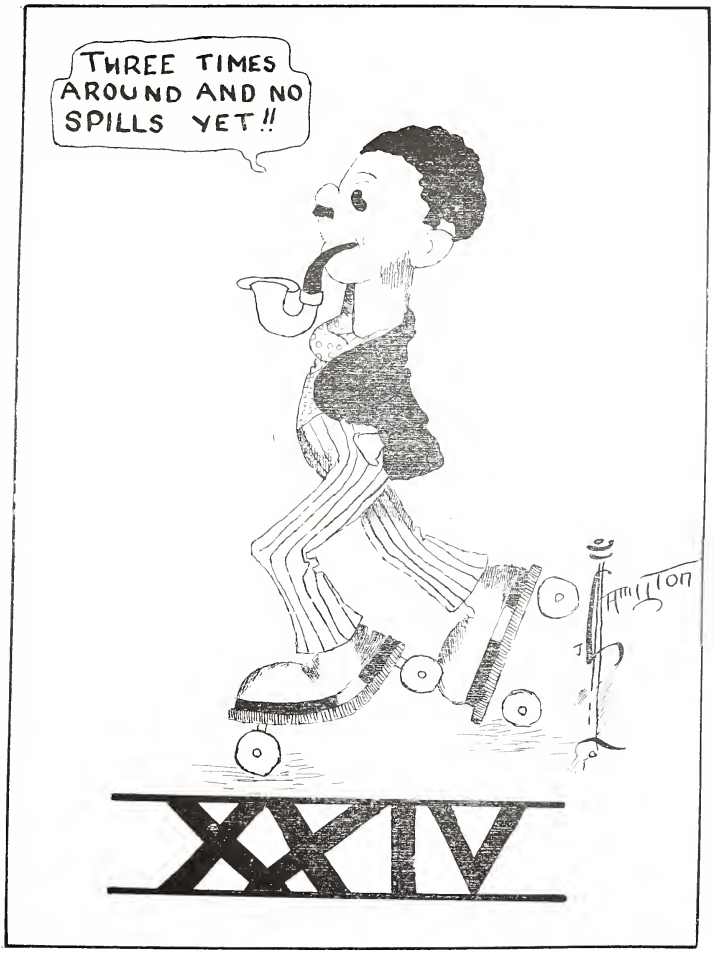
EDITH KEMP

SENIOR B CLASS

TOP ROW—Irene Best, Raymond Augspurger.

SECOND ROW—Lucile Fetter, Reba Mendenhall, President, Charles Gutheil.

Name	Teaches	is	Has	is interested in	Lacks
Schmitkin	Punctuality	Efficient	A Sweet Smile	Small Boys	Pep
Baker	History	Temperamental	A Ring	Politics	Tact
Gordon	English	Precise	A "Beau"	Debates	Sympathy
Lahr	French	Reserved	Malice toward none?	French	Romance
Harris	Rowdyism	Sensitive	A Cupid Smile	Girls	Order in Assembly
Marlatt	Latin	Talkative	Troubles innumerable	"Roman Private Life"	A Man
Kemp	Science	Good Natured	Decided Opinion	French Teacher	Confidence
Hardman	Hard Work	Cute	Bobbed Hair	Men	Size
Huber	Boys	Strict	A Girl	Home Building	Timidity
Garringer	Girls	"Plump"	Quiet Ways	A Man	"Vampishness"
Lathrop	Music	A Singer?	A Family	Chorus	Promptness
Neff	Eighth Grade	Useful	Youngsters to teach	Nothing	Sociability


THREE TIMES AROUND AND NO SPILLS YET!!
XXIV

FIRST ROW—Ruby Graft, Virginia Smith, Mary Miller, Betty Goodrich, Harriett Elder, Kathryn Boltz, Pauline Wysong, Marjorie Watkins, Pauline Perkins.

SECOND ROW—Frances Hunt, Bernice Watkins, Ruth Clark, Sec'y and Treasurer, Emily Davis, Bernadine Drake, Florence King, Elizabeth McCartney, John Copeland.

TOP ROW—Gordon Williams, President; Marjorie Hiatt, Ralph Litschert, Mary Heaston, Elizabeth Reed, Tom Lathrop, Herbert Harrison, George Courtney, Fred Oxley, Charles Seagraves, Leroy McBride, Vice Pres.

"US JUNIORS"

I SUPPOSE you've heard the old story about how David was saved from the den of the lions, and how the Hebrew children were delivered from the fiery furnace, and wasn't even singed. Well, what I am going to tell you may not be miraculous, but they'll be equally surprising.

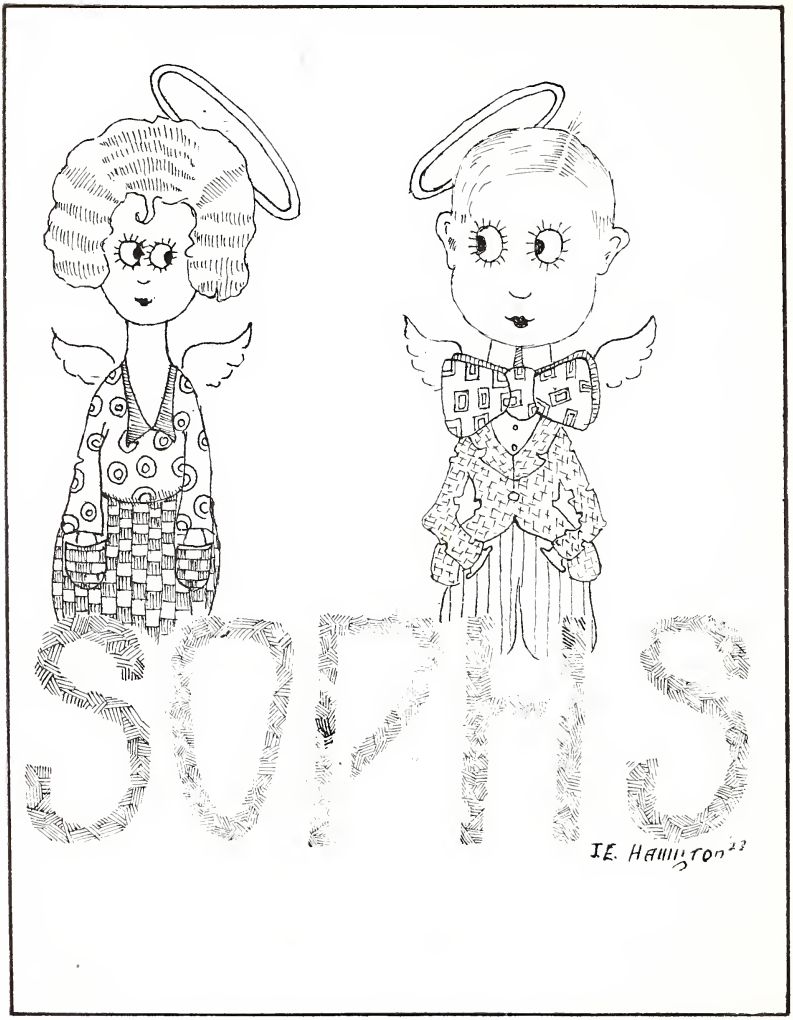
The Junior class mayn't be the smartest and most beloved class in the High School, but when it comes to bein' good law abidin', conscientious students, we've got the rest backed off the map.

A few months ago, we got into our heads that we could debate and sent forth a challenge which the Seniors grabbed like a drownin' man does a straw! Everybody's subject to mistake—that's why they put rubbers on lead pencils. We got beat.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing" we have traversed the weary way of two years in High School, always trying to keep ourselves fit for what is coming next. Never are we late, but always on time. Some of us even have been known to be ahead of time, but those were the ones who carried their watches in their hip pockets!

In all High School activities, have the Juniors participated. In athletics, and in social events, have we always tried to live up to the high standards set by those who have gone before.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.


SUNS
I.E. HAMILTON '23

FIRST ROW—Clarence Wolfe, Tarleton Davis, Donald Baker, Edna Carter, Doris Gartley, Martha Ryan, Henrietta Iliff, Florence Denton, Letta Burk.

SECOND ROW—Helen Lucas, Marguerite Ryan, Irene Crabb, Dorothy Best, Mildred Cornelison, Geneva Brown.

THIRD ROW—Cecil Moore, Frances Hinshaw, Dorothy Retz, Virginia Monks, Martha Payne, Christine Hinshaw.

TOP ROW—Darrell Briner, William Gutheil, Raymond Stoker, Riley Thornburg, Harold Young, Francis Kitzmiller, Dana Rowe, James Johnston, Esther Pegg, Walter Miller, President, Margaret Engle, Delight Bailey, Maurine Boyer, Sec'y and Treasurer; Janet Parker, Chella Shaver, Helen Robinson.

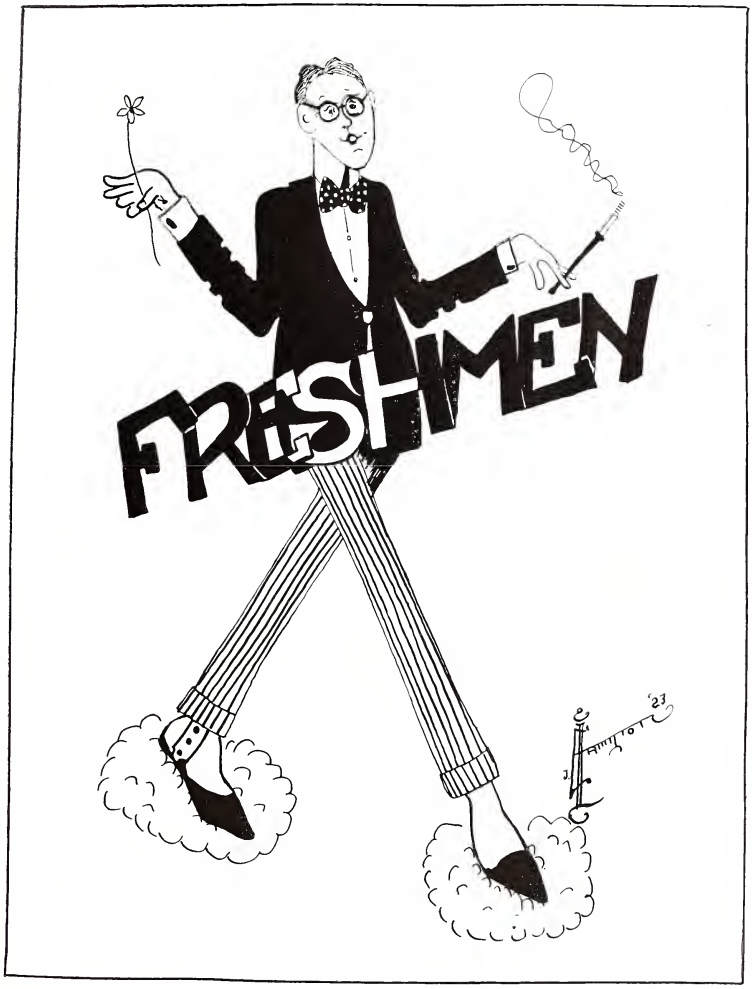
SOPHOMORES

FRIENDS, Romans, Country men! Lend me your ears! I am about to tell you of the class of which a few will graduate in the spring of 1925. We entered High School in the fall of 1920, and that was the greatest even of our short young lives. We were inclined to be the least bit over-bearing, however, that has been taken out of most of us, now that we have the privilege of dipping the younger children in the horse trough on the square (?)

Our history is not a list of brilliant sayings, but doings; and though some have dropped by the way side, we are still a large class, capable of "holding our own." Our class is united under a strong Democratic government, and, with the helpful influence of our president, Walter Miller, we have safely weathered the past two years. We are strong believers in the saying—"We must all hang together, or we shall hang separately."

I shall repeat that we are a class of shining stars and even though most of it is caused by a too liberal application of face paint, it makes a good showing, we are determined that as we go through these halls of learning, we will leave a trail of conscientious works and honest endeavors which can be followed by the succeeding classes.

Clarence Wolfe.
Darrel Briner.


FRESHMEN
'23

FIRST ROW—Myrtle Segraves, Martha Dodds, Ruth Simmons, Elizabeth Stormes, Mary Simmons, Margaret Romizer, Virginia Kimmel, Alice Martin, Roger Phistner, Harry Smith, Earl Flatter, Russell Hiatt, Harry

SECOND ROW—Esther Gibson, Thelma Way, Margaret Johnson, Onda Tharp, Florence Mullen, Olive Collins, Nina Baily, Dorothy Wysong, Florence Bagley, Louise Davis, Alice Kemp, Cecil Addington, Joseph Bishop, Donald Overman, Gerald Lykins, Ralph Hinshaw, Jehu Puckett.

THIRD ROW—Grace Hall, Lillian Shires, Violet Doyle, Alice Forrest, Rosina Heltz, Gertrude Monks, Mary King, Mildred Daly, John Bales, John Pugh, James Hiatt.

FRESHMEN

WE the Freshman "B" Class of '26, entered the Winchester High School with shaking knees and bulging eyes. The first day proved difficult. We vainly staggered from one class room to another, trying to find the one in which we belonged. When the bell rang we were very excited again, not knowing where to go. Later High School life became easier. We chose Elizabeth Stormes to lead us through the hardships of the first year and her guidance has proven successful. The Junior "B's" gave a party in honor of our class. Except for a little stage fright, this affair was thoroughly enjoyed. A few weeks passed and the party was returned by us.

Of course, we are looked down upon as crazy little "Freshies" but we pass this by as a joke, because all classes were "Freshies" once. By noticing our good grades (?) there will be no doubt in other minds as to our efficiency. In years to come, this class will graduate as one of the finest classes so far, even though, at one time in our history we were considered insignificant "Freshies."

Margaret Romizer.
Virginia Kimmel
Dorothy Brown.

EIGHTH GRADE

FIRST ROW—Ivan Kizer, Herbert Ryan, Thomas Graft, Fred Harness, Leland Lasley, John Paul Segraves, Pauline Alexander, Howard Thornburg, Everett Watkins, Delno Buckmaster, Arthur Graft, Tony Dewey.

SECOND ROW—Donald Segraves, Pauline Jackson, Delilah Rowe, Margaret Yost, Virginia Davis, Mary Martha Hunt, Virginia Stormes, Juanita Burge, Bessie Greene, Kathleen Rowe, Leota Buckmaster, Ruth Gibson, Lewis Fetter, Kenneth Kittle.

THIRD ROW—Ruth Dodd, Julia Crow, Audrey Tharpe, Ruth Roberts, Anneta Hinshaw, Ruth Schaffer, Grace Crabb, Helen Barnhardt, Fay Enix, Ruth Neal, John Fowler, Joseph Harris, William Pitcher.

TOP ROW—Mr. S. Neff, Russell Cox, Lemoin Marcus, Howard White, Arthur Kyre, Orvill Hiatt.

Famous Quotations

1. "How little they know whereof they speak."
   The faculty in grading test papers.

2. "The old order changeth yielding place to new."
   The fashion was galoshes, now it's boots.

3. "All that glistens is not gold."
   Reba Mendenhall's ear rings.

4. "Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."
   Mary Miller's reason for talking in the assembly.

5. "Now good digestion waits on appetite
   And health on both."
   And peanuts appear in Roger Reynard's pockets.

6. "Strange things I have in head that will to hand
   Which must be acted ere they may be scanned."
   We always thought that Rolla Reyman had a purpose in life.

7. "Our hoard is little but our hearts are great."
   Most of us at 3:20 o'clock.

8. "How sleep the brave."
   A placard for John Monks to wear in the assembly.

9. "Give every man thy ear but none thy voice."
   John Copeland's motto when he has failed to prepare his lessons before going to class.

10. "I count life just the stuff to try the soul's strength on."
    Elizabeth Reed's thought when Mr. Harris announces a daily test in Physics.

11. "Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."
    Answer to the question "Who will graduate?"

12. "And he was a man take him for all in all
    I shall not look upon his like again."
    What Marguerite Brown thinks of Edgar Ross.

13. "Life is a jest all things show it
    I thought so once and now I know it."
    John Wallace's idea of life.

14. "But love is blind and lovers cannot see the petty follies they themselves commit."
    Pauline Best and Bob Hinshaw.

W. H. S. Dictionary—

A—rtist—Bones Hamilton.

B—achelor—Mr. Schmitkin.

C—aesar—the bane of a Sophomore's existence.

D—amage—What Ed Moorman did to a classroom chair once.

E—ager—What most of us are to graduate.

F—aculty—the best yet.

G—oloshes—music to our ears (?).

H—ard—Miss Gordon's tests.

I—dle—Noble Elder.

J—ewels—Miss Gordon's diamonds.

K—u Klux Klan—Miss Baker's pet whim

L—ame—the hospital squad in the hall.

M—arriage—what we *thought* Miss Baker did not believe in.

N—otes—not frequently seen.

O—rder—impossible to keep in the assembly.

P—airs—Marguerite Brown - Ed Ross; Pauline Best-Bob Hinshaw.

Q—uizz—Mr. Harris' specialty.

R—eading—novels.

S—enior—class.

T—ardy—remember the 9th hour.

U—ncommon—bobbed hair (?).

V—anity—cases—everybody has 'em.

W—atch—Mr. Schmitkin's motto.

X—mas—vacation.

Y—awn—what most of us do on Monday a. m.

Z—ero—something is always taking the joy out of life.

Freshie (at B. B. game)—"How do you suppose those fellows will get the dirt off their hands?"

Senior—"Why, what do you suppose our scrub teams are for?"

Doc—"Oh, this is a wonderful cure. You see you are not the same man."

Patient—"Indeed, then send your bill to the other."

The World Will End—

When the janitor dusts.

When Miss Baker changes her opinion of the Ku Klux Klan.

When Mr. Schmitkin ceases to knock off 5 per cent for walking through the hall.

When Miss Baker and Gene agree.

When Mr. Schmitkin's Senior A class begins to appreciate Literature.

When Ed M's mustache grows out.

When Francis Hunt becomes a manhater.

When Miss Hardman ceases to leave a class in Room 5 to look at the clock in the assembly.

When Rolla Reyman becomes dignified.

When the Juniors hand out another class flag.

When Mr. Harris can keep order in the assembly.

When Aunt Mary quits talking about the library.

When a new school building is built.

When Winchester H. S. has some pep again.

He Got It—

A ten year old boy entered one of the banks of a thriving town and walked up to the cashier.

"Mister," he said, "I want a check book for a lady that folds in the middle."

Those that Get No Ice are Boiled—

The other day I was talking with a farmer from Southern Arizona. He said it got so hot down there that he had to feed his hens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard boiled eggs.

As It Should Be

THE whole school was in one roar of excitement—one basket, two baskets, three. Cheer after cheer arose louder and louder till it seemed the very building would fall with the tremendous vibration. So rapidly was the Winchester High School team piling up the score that it was impossible to keep the count correctly and fast enough. The Union City rooters looked sad and downcast and had not even the ambition to yell.

The first half of the game had been decidedly in their favor with a score of 16 to 8. But with the starting of the second half success rode into our beloved gym and stayed. Union City players called for time out and sank dejectedly to the floor, gazing forlornly at the score board, which bore this:

WINCHESTER 22—UNION CITY 16.

It had all happened in such a short time that it was almost impossible for them to grasp the situation.

The game finished with a score of Union City 18—Winchester 28, and the gym rang with the yell—

"*Strawberry short cake, Blueberry pie*;
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y."

This did not happen to be the only game after which Winchester rooters had shouted Victory. Many, many more had there been. Our high school five was the talk and wonder of the whole state.

However, after their inglorious defeat, Union City remained, upon our kind invitation, to view our wondrous new building which even excelled their own.

The gym in which the game had just been played was fully twice as large as their's, seating more people. The dressing rooms were equipped with every possibly necessity, the most important of which were the hot and cold shower baths and everything to make our team and all visiting teams comfortable. In connection with the gym was a swimming pool seventy-two feet long and fifty-six feet wide—there were also girls' and boys' swimming teachers.

From the gym they went to our auditorium which was decorated for the coming night, when Shakespeare's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" was to be given by the Senior class. The stage was of ample size for anything that could be given and had a beautiful curtain of blue velvet behind which was an asbestos curtain.

With gasps of wonder and admiration at the immensity of our building they went from the auditorium to the newly installed Commercial class room in which banking was also taught—row after row of the best typewriters were seen here, in fact everything for a complete business education.

From there they visited several of the minor class rooms, the History class room with large broad desks fitted for map making and the entire wall lined with maps that could be rolled up but accessible at all times. The Latin, French, Spanish and English class rooms with their scores of book cases for reference books and their abundance of board space.

Then the Botany, Chemistry and Physics laboratories were looked into with all the modern and convenient appliances and apparatus, and in conjunction with the Physics

laboratory was a class room for the study of Radio, with a complete receiving and broadcasting set which was said to be the best within a radius of eighty-five miles.

As it was night the football field could not easily be viewed, neither our estimable track field, nor our baseball diamond, but our prowess in all three of those sports spoke for the kind of places we had for practice.

Since the time had come for Union City to depart, the entire student body of the school escorted them to their car, and even though they had been badly, but fairly, beaten they left with this song—

For they're the jolly good fellows,
For they're the jolly good fellows,
For they're the jolly good fellows,
The Winchester High School bunch.

—Janice Marjorie Gray.

"*Well, Look! Its Me.*"

I am just a common fellow, living here in town,
And though I've looked the whole thing over,
Not a friendly girl I've found.
For they all turn up their noses, and look as I go by,
Though I've been thinking hard, I can't find the reason why.
For I try to be as kind and good as good and kind can be,
But for some reason or other, they just look and stare at me.
And the next time they do it, now you just wait and see,
I'm going to step and say, "Well, Look! It's Me."

—Arthur Green.

SENIORS AS THEY ARE

The girl with pep	Marguerite Brown
The most ambitious	Margaret Draher
Our brightest head	Louise Crain
The teacher's pet	Margaret Turner
The bob haired boy	Roger Reynard
Our biggest joke	Eugene Best
Our biggest bluff	Robert Hinshaw
The smartest	Carrie Goodman
The most ardent lover (?)	Edgar Ross
The smallest	Olive Denton
Our "flapper"	Flora Wasson
Our most blissful fellow	John Wallace
The man hater	Edith Kemp
Our hero (loyal to class flag)	Ed Moorman
Our sleepiest boy	Gilbert Harrison
Our athlete	Kenneth Boomer
The prettiest girl	Pauline Best
Our biggest sport	Robert Mills
Our trouble maker	Gerald Davis
Our daintiest	Marjorie Gray
The quietest	Mildred McDougal
Seven feet (?)	Isabelle Phistner
Our country lass	Esther Williams
Our musician	Ethelyn Brown
Our Sheriff	Sarah Fisher

BEHOLD

Ye pert, undignified, deleterious, insalubrious, pestiferous, obnoxious, irresponsible and mule-iferous

ROUGH NECKS

OF 1924

And read the candid, equitable, ingenious and straightforward sentiment and honorable judgment of the

ILLUSTRIOUS CLASS OF

1923

We know your astuteness to be mere imbecility; your sagacity to be mere incapacity; your stupidity you call intelligence, and instead of wise men you are idiots.

LISTEN: Your actions we can not retard,
But you see our opinions on this card,
Which by pernicious hands may soon be marred,
But still the moral will remain unscarred.
Pray be "GENTLEMEN," however hard,
By heeding the words of this humble bard.

"1923"

BEWARE

Ye boorish, slimy, brainless, slovenly, putrid, contemptible, unsophisticated, pusillanimous, excrementitious

RABBLE OF 1924

WOGGLE-EYED LEMONS.

Three Thousand Years Old

PART ONE

THE ocean voyage from New York to London was serene and calm, and all the passengers abroad America's newest and largest ship, the Belgenland, were delighted by the beauty of the warm days they had spent on the ship and were loath to leave it as London drew near.

The pier buzzed with the excitement and rush of the recently docked ship from America; profuse greetings were made, shouts were heard and huge baggage carts rumbled over the dock.

"My dear girl, how are you?" I'm so delighted you've come. Have you had a lovely voyage?"

"I'm so glad to be here, Aunt Alice, but I must confess, I really do not know whether the voyage has been lovely or not, so deeply absorbed have I been in the account of the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen, that has been recently discovered."

"Bless me—so you're interested in that? How would you like to take a little trip to see it?"

"Aunt Alice, how very thoughtful of you, of course I would like it, it would be quite an interesting and profitable trip; I have always wished I might go to Egypt, it so personifies the mysterious."

"That's settled now, come to the car and we'll make arrangements to leave for Luxor as soon as possible."

So they strolled to the car, this stately and entertaining Englishwoman, and the beautiful young American girl with her dark eyes and exquisite complexion that is rarely seen on one so dark; from whose close fitting turban, glossy brown hair, unhampered by a net, blew teasingly around her face and whose entire being personified the fearlessness of American girlhood. A charming picture indeed, and many a fair-haired English girl turned envying eyes upon the girl with her beauty and poise.

At length the quiet but spacious home of the Allertons was reached and Lady Allerton, wife of Sir Thomas Allerton, member of Parliament, and her niece, Cynthia retired to their rooms to dress for dinner. And an hour later when the bell for dinner sounded echoingly through the long hallway, Cynthia emerged from her room refreshed by a short nap and a shower.

"Where's Uncle Tom?" asked Cynthia as she entered the dining room, furnished in typical old English style, "I thought you said he would be home for dinner."

"So I did, but he called a few minutes ago and asked to be excused, as an import-

ant matter holds him for an hour or so, and I'm sorry for I did want to talk over our trip to Egypt with him."

"Do you think he'll approve, Aunt Alice?" queried Cynthia in a troubled voice.

"It's hard to say, my dear, but I'm sure if it will be interesting to you, your Uncle cannot refuse."

The sun shone brightly into Cynthia's room the next morning and as its rays fell across her bed she knew that she had slept very late, in fact it was nearly ten which was indeed late for one accustomed to rise at eight thirty, for though Cynthia came from the best stock in Philadelphia, she did not comply with all the foolish rules of society.

After a cool walk in the garden, Cynthia partook of a late breakfast, and while eating she fairly devoured the news of further discoveries in the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-amen, and the statement that visitors were soon to be admitted. Cynthia was not of an excitable nature, as in the most perilious of situations she always appeared quite calm. Yet thinking of the proposed trip to Egypt she could not control the new and pleasing sensation of anticipation and excitement. Rushing into the garden she soon found Aunt Alice refreshing her mind with the mystical history of Egypt.

"Why, Aunt Alice, I'm actually excited about our trip to Luxor, and I have the queerest feeling—do you suppose we'll have some thrilling adventure? How soon can we start? Will you enjoy going or are you going just to please me?" The questions came in rapid succession and Aunt Alice looked quite bewildered and completely at a loss to answer them as rapidly as they came.

"Child, child, calm down and repeat those questions again slowly, so I can answer them," Aunt Alice's voice sounded reprovingly, but there was a twinkle in her eye.

Cynthia did calm down to an extent and repeated the questions slowly for her Aunt, which were answered briefly and straight to the point; everything was arranged and they would be ready to start the next morning.

"And, you dear girl, I will enjoy going as much as you, why I've already caught some of your enthusiasms."

The next morning did not dawn as brilliantly as had the morning before; the atmosphere was gray and damp and a typical London fog filled the air. When Cynthia awakened it was with disappointment that she gazed at the drizzly outside world; and her spirits disappeared in the heavy fog as the Allerton's car rolled toward the dock. Lands that have made or witnessed history possess peculiar fascination; and when, to their historical qualities are added those of the mysterious and the beautiful, their charm is boundless, for then they touch the realm of imagination.

Egypt in these respects is unsurpassed. Historically she is the eldest born of time; the mother of all civilizations, the longest lived among the nations of the earth, the teacher of art, philosophy, and religions before Greece and Rome were born. When everywhere else rude huts and primitive tents were mankind's highest forms of architecture, Egypt was rearing her stupendous pyramids and temples which still remain the marvel of the world.

It stirs the blood merely to read the names of the great actors in that mighty drama of the past, whose theatre was the Valley of the Nile. For Egypt is the land of Ramesis and the Pharaohs, of Joseph and of Moses; of Alexander the Great and the Ptolemies; of Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra,—a land whose awful ruins the Colosseum of Rome, the Parthenon of Athens and even the Temple of Jerusalem are the productions of yesterday.

But Egypt is also a land of mystery, her history goes back so far that it is finally lost in the unknown as the Nile Valley gradually gives place to the sands of the Great

Sahara. Her very origin appears at first miraculous. For Egypt has been literally built up by that mysterious river whose sources have till recently perplexed and baffled all explorers for five thousand years. Her situation is also unique, a palm-girt path of civilization, walled in by two deserts. Silence broods over her and solemnity envisions her. She is the land of which the dead alone are great; a temple of antiquity whose monuments are the eternal Pyramids and Sphinx. Her glory is secure beyond the possibility of loss, embalmed in art and literature like her mummied kings.

As the graceful dahabiyeh slowly journeyed inland on the Majestic Nile, from the Mediterranean, the small deck was crowded with passengers, and exclamations of wonder and delight rose from each and every one as they viewed the fertile lands on either side of the river.

"Isn't it beautiful, Aunt Alice? It's hard to think of any part of Egypt as anything but a vast desert, but to see this part of the country one would think its beauty extended endlessly—what a pity it does not."

"Well, I must confess, I never expected anything quite like this, I've been dreading the terrific heat that I thought surely would be here, and it really isn't at all unpleasant."

Just as Aunt Alice and Cynthia were commenting on the beauty of the surrounding country and their surprise on finding it thus, so were the many other passengers.

Next to the regions of the Pyramids and the Sphinx the most attractive spot of Egypt is ancient Thebes upon whose site the village of Luxor stands. The Arabic name El Kusur of which Luxor is a corruption means the palaces and refers to the magnificent ruins upon which the village encroaches.

As the village was approached its massive ruins were indeed impressive and scarcely a word was audible as the small craft made its landing and disposed of its passengers.

"No more visitors this evening—tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, come back." Thus informed the Guard of the Egyptian camel Corp, stationed near the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen. So Cynthia, Aunt Alice and another party of the three turned away, to come back the next morning at ten.

The bright day was waning, and its curious, mysterious glow affected Cynthia deeply, but she was unable to express her emotions in words.

"Aunt Alice, I have the feeling again that we might have some kind of an adventure, silly of me, isn't it? For I certainly see no signs of an experience, unless some three or four thousand year old mummy comes to life and kidnaps us. You know I have no respect whatever for all these old dead creatures except King Tut—and I do admire him. I'd like to meet some of his descendants, but no doubt they've all forgotten whose descendants they are," said Cynthia returning to her more matter of fact senses.

Just as Cynthia uttered these words, an Arab in the typical glowing garb, overtook and passed them, turning for an instant and looking sharply into the American girl's face.

"There's a shiek for you, dear; he was a stunning creature, don't give up hopes yet," said Aunt Alice consolingly.

"Oh!" ejaculated Cynthia, "I'm not seeking adventure, for I most certainly should not enjoy being carried away by some wild shiek and made violent love to—that's all foolishness and only happens in stories, or in some of those impossible movies at home."

Aunt Alice made no response to this outburst, as she was busily studying the swiftly fading landscape as the cloudless sun sank beneath the horizon, but of course she knew Cynthia was not the type to seek adventure.

PART TWO

Under the lustrous Egyptian moon that hung full in the sky, a single object moved—a camel wending its way swiftly to the edge of the desert where a wandering Arab tribe was encamped.

"Thou art rightly named, most divine creature," spoke the dusky Arab, to the girl lying limp in his arms. "Thy beauty shines as brightly as does that of yonder moon."

Cynthia began to recover from the stupor into which she had been thrown, and at the sound of the Arab's voice she glanced covertly up into his face; and was inwardly horrified to think that such a thing as this had happened to her, when it had not been many hours since she had made the statement to her Aunt Alice that things like this never happened. However, she was resolved to appear her own calm self and show no signs of perturbation.

"Why do you liken me unto the moon?" sweetly and curiously asked Cynthia, "and pray, why am I rightly named?" She had summoned forth her self-control and her voice sounded as calm and serene as if she were attending a social tea and carrying on a conversation with perfectly harmless and stupid person.

The Arab, in whose arms she lay quietly, felt but did not make known any evident surprise at her strange undisturbed nature. "Thou art rightly named, fair one, for thy beauty is truly that of the moons, and didst not know that Cynthia is the mystical name given unto the moon?"

The camp of the Arabs was soon reached and Cynthia was ushered into a luxuriously furnished tent, and there spent the rest of the night with only a small girl for company.

With the first rays of the sun above the horizon, the Arab camp was astir, and Cynthia was gently awakened by the small girl and given an Arabian costume to wear.

As they started breaking camp in preparation for leaving Cynthia went in search of the Arab that had brought her there, and with a serene countenance but fear in her heart, she coolly demanded of him, his reason for bringing her there, only to be put off with the answer: "I desired thee, beautiful daughter of the moon, and an Arab always takes what he desires."

Cynthia was truly startled at these words and made frantic offers of fabulous sums for her freedom, but it was of no avail, and she was wise enough to know that it would be folly to try to escape.

All day long the small caravan traveled in the heat of the desert sun, and only till the moon began to rise did they make camp, and in Cynthia's heart grew despair.

In the doorway of Cynthia's tent, a short time after the rest of the camp had settled for the night, stood the handsome Arab beckoning her to come with him, she however, refused to follow, until the girl in her attendance made known to her that she was going also, as there was a tomb of an Egyptian King nearby that they were going to rob. Cynthia then caught up a light scarf and followed in the footsteps of the Arab.

When they reached the tomb which looked to Cynthia to be merely a pile of stones, the Arab quickly hewed away the rocks which sealed the doorway.

Upon entering the tomb, the Arab in the lead carrying a torch and Cynthia and the Arabian girl following, they paused for an instant to view their surroundings,

and even the fearless nature of the handsome Arab was somewhat abashed as he gazed into the two challenging eyes of the mummified Egyptian King lying under the canopy of gold.

"How like this is, of the account of King Tut-Aukh-Amen's tomb, that I read, and was to see today," spoke Cynthia in a subdued voice to the Arab at her side.

"Yes, fairest one, the tombs of Egyptian Kings are all similar, but we are many miles from the tomb of King Tut-Aukh-Amen, so feast thine eyes on this one," spoke the Arab in an equally subdued voice.

There was more than enough in the tomb to stir the emotions, it was sublime in its grandeur, appealing in its dumbness, exquisite in its art and rich in its magnificence and Cynthia could only stand and gaze in bewilderment at the huge box, covered with beaten gold and studded with several fortunes worth of the most precious stones, which held the king; at the countless heaps of jewels and exquisite scarabs of red, blue and green, and at the vases heaped with amulets that money could not buy today.

As Cynthia was given a large sack and told to fill it with jewels a commotion was heard outside, and the Arab drew the long scimitar which hung at his side and advanced slowly towards Cynthia, saying, "It is against the Arab's code of honor to be caught alive, robbing, so before they enter we die."

At this Cynthia rushed to the door of the tomb, the Arab following her, but his threat came a moment too late for the door of the tomb opened and Cynthia fell backwards.

"My dear, I thought you said things like this never happened," softly spoke Aunt Alice into Cynthia's bewildered ear.

"Aunt Alice, how did you get here? I thought I was never to see you again," said Cynthia recovering from her fall, and looking up at her Aunt in amazement.

"Never mind the questions now, dear, when we get back to the rooms, I'll answer them."

"To the rooms? Why, Aunt Alice, that's a whole day's journey from here!"

"No, no, it's just a short distance," laughingly spoke Aunt Alice, "just be patient and I'll soon answer your questions."

So Cynthia, much bewildered, kept silent until they reached their rooms which were, as Aunt Alice had said, only a short distance.

"Now, Cynthia, fairest daughter of the moon, have you answered any of these questions for yourself?" mischievously spoke Aunt Alice.

"No, I haven't, but I've reached the conclusion that the joke is on me."

"You're right, darling, the joke is on you, and I knew you would take it in just the fine sporty spirit you have."

"But, Aunt Alice, we traveled for a day and half a night, how was it possible to reach Luxor so soon tonight? Do hurry and explain the mystery, I'm absolutely consumed with curiosity."

"Well, dear, now listen closely to the tale of a wicked aunt," said Aunt Alice, hardly able to control her mirth. "Do you remember saying, 'things like that never happen only in stories or impossible movies?' My dear, right then and there I resolved to ruffle that calm and utterly undisturbed nature of yours and to show you that things like that could happen. So I saw the stunning Arab that passed us, inquired of his business and found it nothing of importance, and together we plotted against thee, fair one ! I simply dosed your drinking water with a few sleeping powders and then

the rest was easy, you fell asleep before undressing and all the Arab had to do was to go to your room and get you.

All day long as you traveled in the heat of the desert sun, seemingly getting farther away from Luxor, you were in reality traveling in circles—and tonight you were in the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen," triumphantly Aunt Alice ended her confession and watched the expression on Cynthia's face grow in amazement.

For a few minutes Cynthia said nothing, seeming to be rather stunned at what her Aunt had told her, but she soon gained her self-control and said:—

"I've been anxious to see the marvelous tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen, but I never thought it would be shown to me under such circumstances. And depend on it, dear Aunt Alice, I'll never say the impossible cannot happen, at least while you are around."

MARJORIE GRAY.

SNAP SHOTS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

BUSINESS MGR.

CIRCULATION MGR.

ASST. MARY

LITER. HIPS TWINS

TWO TIMES TO START.

CURTAIN

NAME	RAISED ON	PASTIME	HAS BEEN FOUND	WILL BE	LIKES
Eugene Best	Hearts	Falling in love	Stalling	Married (?)	To argue
Isabelle Phistner	String Beans	Working	Copying	7 feet tall	Studebaker
Flora Wasson	Dances	Polishing her nails	Without a date	A good wife	Out of town fellows
Pauline Best	Honey	Gossiping	Sitting with Bob	Mrs. Hinshaw	To be quiet
Ethelyn Brown	Feathers	Izzy Phistner	Loafing	A musician	Orchestras
Maguerite Brown	Love	Talking to Edgar	Aggrevating	Lucky	Pep
John Wallace	Beans	Shaking the Assembly	Working	Clansman	To tease
Louise Crain	Fun	Eating candy	Flirting	An old maid (?)	Fat people?
Ed Moorman	Pork	Majorie	In the office	An undertaker	Red hair
Gerald Davis	Restaurants	Driving cars	Smoking	A dentist	300 S. Mer.
Robert Mills	Jazz	Singing	Sentimental	Preacher (?)	His mustache
Roger Reynard	Athletics	Shooting paper wads	Eating in assembly	Movie actor	Long hair
Carrie Goodman	Farm	Never had any	Studying	A teacher	To read
Mildred McDougal	Flowers	Studying	At church	Doctor	School
Gilbert Harrison	Sleep	Sleeping	Sleeping	Thin	To walk
Kenneth Boomer	Luck	Guess	Noisy	Tree Surgeon	Helen
Olive Denton	Plums	Dancing (?) (!)	Very quiet	Mrs. Somebody	Solitude
Margaret Draher	Ice Cream	Reading Books	Ticklish	A lawyer	To agree
Edgar Ross	Dates	Talking to Marguerite	Egotistical	A pharmacist	Himself
Robert Hinshaw	Figs	Ask Him	With Pauline	Model Husband	To patronize "Shorty" the tailor
Margaret Turner	Bananas	Giggling	Thinking	Buried	Peaches
Edith Kemp	Brains	Silent	Laughing	Content	To be useful
Esther Williams	Milk	Fording	Dancing	Some man's cook	Somebody
Sarah Fisher	Very Little	Union City	Late	We don't know	Dates
Marjorie Gray	Amusements	Making love	With Johnny	An elocutionist	Smiles

THE NEW WINCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

IT seems now as if the long felt need of the Winchester High School in the matter of housing and equipment, is soon to be realized. Nothing good is accomplished without a struggle and this has been an extended one.

The addition is to be built to the south of the present structure and connected with it by two hallways only.

The old building will be rearranged to accommodate the high school manual training and domestic science classes, as well as the chemistry laboratory.

The second floor hall directly over the front entrance is to be partitioned and equipped for a principal's office. The art room on the first floor will be made into a hall leading into the first floor of the addition while room seven, or the room to the east of the Assembly on second floor will be transformed into a library and a hall.

The heating plant which is to heat both the old and new, will be located between the two. Anyone who has been in the building during the winter months recently and has been choked by coal gas and alternately frozen and cooked, will no doubt see the usefulness of the new heating plant at least.

The addition will contain on the first floor, a gymnasium or auditorium, seating regularly 1200 with a possible capacity of 1800-2000. The basket ball floor will have 72 feet by 41 feet, 2 inch playing surface, with a stage at the exit end large enough to stage any ordinary play or pageant. Shower baths, dressing rooms and lockers will be provided for both boys and girls. This will make the best equipped gymnasium within several counties.

The entire second floor will be made up of class rooms, one for each teacher.

The new building will allow the school officials to add to the curriculum and to rearrange the program as they have planned for sometime.

A complete commercial course will be added, including Commercial Law, Economics, Arithmetic, Geography, Spelling, Bookkeeping, Typewriting and Stenography.

A new system of study will be installed, namely supervised study, by which method each teacher will in addition to teaching his subjects also supervise their study.

A new school building always adds to the enthusiasm of the students in their work, and promotes school spirit, habits of cleanliness and neatness.

We are all eagerly waiting the time when we shall take up our duties in the New Winchester High School.

RALPH HARRIS

RAVIN'

Once upon a morning dreary, in a
Schoolroom leary, weary,
I was sitting by my lonesome
Reading English evermore.
While I read quite close to sleeping,
Suddenly there came a peeping,
As of someone rudely sweeping—
Sweeping dormicks on the floor.
'Tis some vain young critter rolling,
Rolling beanicks on the floor.
Only that and nothing more.

And my English was forgotten—(by the way
Don't this sound rotten?)
Now I found that I have gotten
Pessimistic to the core.
Let us return to the Freshmen:
Throwing chalk forevermore.
As I sat there dumbly sitting,
Staring, glaring, eyebrows knitting,
Suddenly there came a flitting,
A piece of chalk came nearly sitting
In my crust forevermore.

The teacher looked not from his table,
From his "Whiz-Bang," "Hot-Dog" fable,
But with steady fingers penciled,
Scribbled, dribbled, scratched or stenciled,
A new name upon the "Score."
Then a hush did seem to take us,
Rip us, tear us, smite us, break us,
Mister Baker stood in the door!
No one looked from off their studies,
No one whispered to their Buddies
Silence reigned forevermore.

J. E. Hamilton.

FIRST ROW—Cecil Moore, Roger Smith, Mr. Harris, Coach; Riley Thornburg, Howard Fields.
TOP ROW—Robert Ludy, Kenneth Boomer, Captain; Ray Stoker, William Gutheil, Tarleton Davis.

ATHLETICS

AS the financial standing of the Athletic Association was quite low at the end of the Basket Ball season, an interclass Ball Tourney was held. The first game was Tuesday, March 13, at four o'clock with the Eighth Grade playing the Freshmen. The Freshmen were victorious by a score of 5 to 16.

At seven o'clock on March 13 the Juniors met their Waterloo, for they met the Seniors on the battlefield of Smith's Armory. The game was one of the most interesting of the year in Winchester. The excitement, enthusiasm and yelling had not been surpassed for many a day.

The Juniors met and went to the hall in a body with a yell leader, Charles Segraves. It was rumored that they were to bring a goat, personifying the Seniors.

The Seniors had for a yell leader, Marjorie Gray, arrayed in class colors, purple and white, and Bob Hinshaw. The old armory fairly rang with the song, "Seniors will Shine Tonight," and shine they did as they never did before when the game ended to the tune of 17 to 10, and the Juniors' goat never showed up for the Seniors got it.

The finals were played on Friday evening between the Sophomores who beat the Freshmen 18 to 7, and the Seniors. At the end of the game the Seniors were pronounced the champions of the tourney.

Our other games this year with the regular High School team playing other High Schools were not very successful. There comes a time in all High Schools, usually about every four years, when a practically inexperienced team must start out. This was one of those years for the W. H. S. and though our team repeatedly met with defeat, they showed excellent spirit and did not lose courage or hope. It is believed that with the same good coaching by Mr. Harris that they have a brilliant future and will make a name for themselves in the next year or two and put Winchester back on the Basket Ball map.

Our one victory of the season came at our last game played with Ridgeville on Ridgeville's home floor with a score of 17 to 16.

In the sectional tourney held at Union City March 4 and 5, we were defeated by Losantville who came out winner of the sectional and who was afterward defeated in their first game of the regional in Ft. Wayne.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1919

Francis Simpson	Married, Winchester
Esther Simons	Winchester
Ruby Oxley	Married, Muncie
Ruth Bales	Butler College
Mabel Brown	Married, Indianapolis
Mary Clark	Hanover College
Maude Carter	Winchester
Maurine Taylor	Winchester
Mary Hiatt	Teacher, Winchester
Charles Gordon	Winchester
Louis Mendenhall	Winchester
Harold McDaniels	Winchester
Nora Harris	Teacher, Winchester
Doris Hutchens	Miami University
Irvin Stormes	Winchester
Everett Coats	Fort Wayne
James Leavell	Winchester
Ruth Williams	Winchester
Oliver Copeland	New York
Edith Miller	Indianapolis
Jewel Jaqua	Married, Pittsburg
Mary Wysong	Married, Winchester
Gladys Osborne	Fort Wayne
Eugene Brown	Winchester

CLASS OF 1920

Edgar Climer	Winchester
Kathryn Baker	Married, Lima, Ohio
Kathleen Cornell	Muncie Normal
Esther Engle	DePauw
Kenneth Baily	Indiana University
Anne Littleton	Winchester
Sarah Miller	DePauw
Ethelyn Templin	Winchester
Fae Johnson	Miss Blakers, Indianapolis
Leland Howard	Wabash College
June Payne	Winchester
Olive Surface	Union City
Don Clevenger	Winchester
Kathleen Smith	Winchester
Elizabeth Monks	Winchester

CLASS OF 1921

Paul Pflasterer	Wabash
Genevieve Crain	Earlham
Fred Miller	Married, Winchester
Rebecca Kabel	Earlham
Cecil Chenoweth	Married, Purdue
Gladys Ward	Muncie
Francis McCollum	Winchester
Erma Lennon	Teacher, Winchester
Cedric Briner	Winchester
Mary Kane	Married, Winchester
Walter Cox	Business College, Oxford
Mary Robinson	Winchester
Helen Addington	Bloomington
Ruth Smith	Winchester
Pauline Albright	Married, Winchester
Mary N. Chenoweth	Miami University
Olive Kabel	Winchester
Mary Rupe	Married, Muncie
Winifred Draher Patterson	Winchester
Evalene Stakebake	Winchester
Ethel Britt	Winchester

CLASS OF 1922

Russell Mcorman	Indiana Dental, Indianapolis
Fred Hitchcock	Ft. Wayne
George Pugh	Indiana University
Jack Wilson	Wabash
Mary Alice Cheney	Cincinnati, Ohio
Thanet Robinson	Miss Blakers, Indianapolis
Martha Howard	DePauw
Ruth Hinshaw	Ohio State University
Juanita Browne	Winchester
Alex Fields	DePauw
Juanita King	Winchester
Barbara Ryan	Winchester
Leona Heaston	Winchester
Ardath Oxley	Cincinnati
Joseph Owens	
Don Payne	Purdue
Pauline Weeks	Los Angeles, Calif.
Charles Metz	
Mildred Beekman	Winchester

JUNIOR and SENIOR DEBATE

FOR several years it has been the custom of this school to hold a Junior and Senior debate, providing that both sides are not too timid to lead in a challenge. As it happened, the Juniors, this year, seeking excitement, challenged the Senior class to a debate. Their question was, "Resolved: That All Allied Debts should be Cancelled," and the Seniors admit that the question was very wisely selected. Of course, the Seniors accepted, with little hesitancy, prefering the negative side of the question.

The Affirmative speakers, in order, were Bernice Watkins, Mary Heaston and Elizabeth Reed. Negative speakers, in order were Pauline Best, Louise Crain and Marjorie Gray. Both classes were well represented, and the date, on which the debate was to be given, was set for November 29.

During the weeks following the challenge and acceptance, whispered conferences were quite frequent among the debators, although the Junior team conferred with each other far more than did the confident Seniors.

The Juniors sought Miss Gordon's advice and, with her aid, worked diligently nearly every evening after school for two or three weeks preceding the debate.

November 29th finally arrived, finding the Seniors full of pep and anticipation, and the Juniors very nervous and frightened.

A large crowd assembled at 2:30 that afternoon, all members of High School, 8th grade and many visitors. The judges were Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. Cornell and Rev. O. T. Martin.

The debate was somewhat heated, but very interesting. The topic debated upon was of present day concern, and every one listened attentively to all the speeches.

At the close of the debate, while the audience awaited the decision of the judges, a short program was furnished by Mr. Robert Mills and Miss Genevieve Crain, an alumna. Mr. Mills sang two songs, and Miss Crain played a piano solo.

The decision was in favor of the Seniors who immediately retired feeling quite elated.

LOUISE CRAIN.

Organization of the Debating Club

Soon after the opening of school in the fall Mr. Schmitkin and Miss Gordon organized a Debating Club. The members of this organization are the students enrolled in the Junior and Senior English classes.

The members voted for the officers. Louise Crain was elected president; Gerald Davis, vice president, and Ethelyn Brown, secretary.

There are no dues in this organization but the presence of each member is compulsory at every debate. The teams are appointed by the English teachers and the debates are given at 3:20 P. M. on Wednesday evenings.

All members of the other classes are welcome to stay and hear the debates and any other visitors are allowed to attend.

Freshman B Hallowe'en Party

A gay Hallowe'en party was given by the Freshman B. class at the home of Martha Dodds. Each member had the privilege of inviting guests, among whom were Miss Lahr, Mr. Harris, Mr. Kemp and Mr Neff.

Each guest was masked and many strange costumes were worn. The evening was spent in dancing, playing cards and other interesting games. At a late hour delightful refreshments were served and the merry party ended.

Junior-Freshman Party

On a Friday night soon after the beginning of school the Junior Class gave a party in honor of the Freshmen. The party was given at the K. of P. hall. Mr. Kemp, Miss Lahr, Mr. Schmitkin and Mr. Harris acted as chaperons.

Parry's orchestra furnished the music for the evening and much of the time was spent dancing. The Freshmen were honored by an opportunity to give a speech to all present. Many good ones were made and Arthur Greene favored the guests with some of his poetry.

Punch and wafers were served during the evening and at midnight the orchestra played "Home Sweet Home."

Freshman A Hallowe'en Party

On October the fourteenth the Freshman A class held a Hallowe'en party at the home of Florence Pike. By eight o'clock all guests had arrived dressed in various costumes. The chaperons were Miss Lahr and Miss Gordon and neither were masked.

The time was spent in playing games. Refreshments were served and it was found that cayenne pepper had been sprinkled on the pop-corn balls. Some mischievous High School boys had stepped in and meddled.

Every one had a jolly time and the guests departed at an hour which seemed proper for Freshmen.

Freshman "A" Hike

One chilly evening after school, the members of the Freshman A Class went on a hike. They started at four o'clock and went to the end of the cement. Miss Lahr acted as chaperon.

They entertained themselves by roasting and eating weiners and marshmallows. They sat around the fire and told stories.

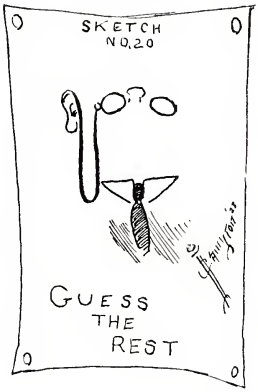
Although there were only ten members of the class present, all had a jolly time. They came back to town at half past six.

Freshman-Junior Party

Although the Freshmen were not prompt in returning the party given in their honor by the Juniors, they finally gave one in October. The party was given in the Moose Hall.

All members of the High School and faculty were invited. Mr. Harris, Mr. Schmitkin and some other people outside of school chaperoned the students. Music was furnished by Brown's orchestra and the greater part of the time was spent in dancing.

Ice cream and wafers were served at a late hour. At a later hour the merry bunch departed. Considering the fact that the Freshmen had had little experience in entertaining, the party may be called a success.



A Sophomore Hallowe'en Party

On the evening of October 18, 1922, the Sophomore class met at the home of Miss Delight Baily where a Hallowe'en party was held. This party was a memorable event in the Sophomore class history. Quite like all other Hallowe'en parties all present were oddly dressed, but never before was such a variety of costumes exhibited.

Among the most notable costumes were those of Aunt Mary and Miss Baker. Miss Marlatt was dressed in an extremely old fashioned costume, while Miss Baker went to the other extreme and dressed in a striking costume representing a flapper.

It need not be said that everyone had a fine time, for parties of this kind are always very enjoyable. However, it might be said that in all the history of the class of 1925, never has there been such a thoroughly happy gathering.

Never during the evening was there a lull in the merry-making. The first of the evening was given over to the identification of the masqueraders, after which came games. The most interesting game was the one in which Miss Baker sat on a jug and threaded a needle.

Later in the evening refreshments were served and enjoyed by all present. While refreshments were being served jokes were told, and acquaintances renewed.

Another hour ended the most enjoyable evening of the year.

Education Week

One day during Education Week the American Legion gave the High Scool a program. Robert Hitchcock was in charge. Mr. Daly gave a speech concerning the army. Max Diggs gave a speech dealing with education in the army.

Miss Kathleen Smith sang two solos accompanied by Miss Ethelyn Templin.

At the conclusion of the program the lower grades came up to the assembly room dressed as Puritans and carrying guns and sang a Thanksgiving song for the High School. The program was enjoyed by all.

Visit of the Superintendents

Late in November it was rumored that a great number of superintendents were coming to visit the different schools. When the time came only three of the superintendents arrived and only two at the High Scool.

Those two favored us with speeches. One man was from New Castle and the other from Chicago. They spoke concerning education and the opportunities which are before all young people.

Although such a small number of the visitors came the ones that did arrive were served dinner by the Domestic Science Class.

Pauline Best.

JOKES

IS IT TRUE?

That Mary is a Miller,
Or is it Walter,
That Marjorie is Gray,
And that Martha has a Payne,
That Ethelyn is Brown,
That Arthur is Green,
That Dana can raise a Rowe,
And that Francis can Hunt,
That Noble is an Elder,
And John a Monk,
That Donald is a Baker,
And Robert a Mill,
That Louise is a Crain,
That Clarence is a Wolf,
And Elizabeth a Reed,
And Irene a Crabb,
And it's true there's an authority, given by the majority that none of the aforesaid are true.

Rolla R.—"I'm gonna be a soldier when I grow up."

Skinney D.—"Yes, what would you do if some guy pointed a gun at you?"

Rolla—"I'd say King's X, I'm not playin'."

Ed M.—"How old are you, Aunt Mary?"

Aunt Mary—"I've seen twenty-five summers."

Ed.—"How many years were you blind?"

Question—If 32 is freezing—what is squeezing?

Answer—Two in the shade.

Bob H.—"Astronomers are making an attempt to weigh light."

Pauline—"That's easy; the grocers have been doing it for years."

Dan S.—"The jokes I handed in were not published.

Joke Editor—"I know it. After this write them on tissue paper so I can see through them.

Schmitkin—"What is a couple?"

Gene B.—"Two equal parallel forces acting in the same direction."

Schmitkin—"But if they act in opposite directions?"

Gene—"That's a divorce case."

Kemp—"No doubt you have heard of the invention that Mr. Edison is now working on. Now who can tell me what great problem is involved in an apparatus for communicating with the dead?"

Bones H.—"Getting wire that will resist the heat."

Mr. Wood and Mr. Stone were standing on the street corner. A flapper passed by, Mr. Wood turned to Stone; Mr. Stone turned to Wood, and they both turned to rubber.

Thirsty days has September,
April, June and November.
All the rest are thirsty too
Unless you make your own home-brew.

Roger S.—"Were you ever at the zoo?"

Olive—"No, why?"

Roger—"You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whizz past you."

Nothing surprises a woman more [illegible] of the unexpected to happen.

Tom L.—"What is the most war-like nation?"

Skinney D.—"By Jove, I don't know."

Tom L.—"Vacci-nation—because it's always in arms."

SIGHT SEEING IN A CEMETERY.

Here's all that is left of
Arthur Penny,
He looped the loop,
Just one too many.

Remove your hats
For Johnny Burn
He took full speed
Around the turn.

Here lies the body
Of Henry Drake,
He stepped on the gas
Instead of the brake.

A yard of crepe
To Thomas dear,
He cranked his car
It was in gear.

Pour forth your tears
For George H. Factor,
He did not see
The racing tractor.

X marks the spot
(O thought of pain)
Where Willie Knott
Jumped off the train.

Here rests the body
Of William Hall,
The poor bird drank
Wood Alcohol.

Here lies the mummy
Of Lucius Druid,
He took a drink of
Embalming fluid.

Mr. Kemp—"Under what combination is gold most quickly released?"

Skinny Davis—"Marriage, sir."

Fred O.—"Girls are better looking than men."

Nibs E.—"Why, naturally."

Fred O.—"No, artificially."

Mary H.—"The denser the medium through which it passes, the better sound travels. Do you understand?"

Ralph L.—"Is that why you can hear better than I?"

WE WONDER

Why Bob H. likes the Best,
Why Ed R. likes them Brown,
Why Skinney D. likes them Red,
Why Gordon so fancies form,
Why Bones is ever so funny,
Why Ed M. doesn't grow up,
Why Harris picked June instead of May,
Why Schmitkin doesn't shave,
Why Olive D. makes so much noise,
Why Carrie G. doesn't bob her hair,
Why Louise C. likes them fat,
Why Marguerite B. doesn't fall in love,
Why Majorie G. doesn't vamp Mr. Schmitkin,
Where Florence P. buys her complexion,
If Miss Marlatt will ever have a man?
We wonder—but what's the use.

Mr. Miller—"Daughter, did I not see you sitting on that young man's lap?"

Mary M.—"Yes, and it was very embarrassing, I wish you had not told me to."

Mr. Miller—"Good Heavens, I never told you to do anything of the kind."

Mary—"Yes you did—you told me if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."

The best way to get ahead is to use the one you've got.

Ruth C.—"A lot of terrible things can be caught from kissing."

Fred O—"Right you are—you ought to see the poor fish my sister caught."

At eleven o'clock her father called from the head of the stairs: "Come, young man, lights out."

The words were pleasant enough and the young man knew that they must be obeyed so he reached up and turned them out.

Mr. Kemp—"What is the effect of heat on matter?"

Bones H—"Heat expands and cold contracts. In summer it is hot and the days are long, and in winter it is cold and the days contract."

Miss Gordon (in English Class)—"I didn't have no fun at the lake this summer. Now, how would you correct this?"

Roger S.—"Get a sweetheart."

Isabelle P.—"Did you hear about the painful operation Ethelyn underwent the other day?"

Mildred M.—"No, what was it?"

Isabelle P.—"Her father called her flat and cut off her allowance."

Noble E.—"Has she many suitors?"

Ruth C.—"Oh, yes, but none of them do."

Noble—"Do what?"

Ruth—"Suitor (suit-her).

Francis H.—"Do you like fish-balls?"

Don D.—"Don't think I ever attended any."

Chaperon—"Why did you tell him you had to go to the dressing room for some cold cream?"

Esther W.—"I had to do something to get the chap off my hands."

Dan S.—"Is this a second hand store?"

Prop.—"Yes sir."

Dan—"Well, I want one for my watch."

Most fellows who make fun of Ford cars walk to school.

CONUNDRUMS

What ship carries the most passengers?

Courtship.

"Why is the greenback more valuable than gold?"

Because you double it before you put it in your pocket and when you take it out you find it in-creases.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face?

Because it is the scenter.

Why is Ireland the richest of countries?

Because her capital is always Dublin.

What must you add to nine to make it six?

S-IX is nine add S and it—makes six

How can we prove that Noah had beer in the Ark?

The kangaroo and the toad went aboard with hops and the bear was always bruin.

Why is it easy to break in to an old man's house?

Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

Why is a horse a curious feeder?

Because he eats when hasn't a bit in his mouth.

What was it a blind man took at breakfast that restored his sight?

He took a cup and saw-sir (saucer).

ESSAY ON FROGS

What a wonderful bird the frog are. When he stand he sit almost. When he hop he fly almost. He ain't go no sense hardly. He ain't go no tail hardly either. When he sit he sit on what he ain't got almost.

We turn the pages that they read
Their written words we linger o'er.
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made.
No step is on the conscious floor.
In our assembly?????

Latin is my language I shall not want. It maketh me to study all the daytime. It dulleth my soul. It leadeth me in the leaves of the vocabulary for the English name's sake. Yea, though I come to this school for superior knowledge I fear no one hundreds. My translations are not perfect. The verbs and the nouns they appal me. Mary preparest the test before me in the presence of my classmates. She annointest the beard with questions. My ignorance reigns supreme. Surely if fifties and sixties follow me all the days of my life I shall come to school and study Latin forever.

Braking it Gently—

Inquisitive Old Gentleman at Airplane Field—"What kind of brakes do they use on airplanes?"

Aaviator—"Air brakes, of course."

And Plenty of Stars—

Willy—"I'm studying astronomy, you know."

Billy—"Well, what do you know about the sun, moon or stars?"

Willy—"Oh, every time father reaches for the strap it is a sure sign that there will be spots on the son (sun).

Unless she is out of Sight—

Tommy—"Pop, what is the difference between vision and sight?"

Tom's Pop—"Well, my son, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but never call her a sight."

If It Only Could be Done—

Rubber—"Why is the Joke Editor having an X-Ray machine installed in his office?"

Neck—"He want to look through the jokes he receives."

In the Year 2000—

Doctor to Patient—"Does that monkey blood transfusion make you any livelier?"

Patient—"Yes, but every time my hand itches I have to scratch my foot to get relief."

He Knew His Physics—

Young Man—Dad, I'm going to look for a new job."

Father—"Son, don't you know a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

Young man—"Yes Dad, but it gathers momentum every second."

He Made No Bones About It—

Will—"If I were a doctor I'd specialize in bone surgery."

Bill—"You've got a good head for it."

It Never Rains but it "Pores"—

A wild looking individual rushed into the dentist's office and confronted him with: "Do they give a fellow gas here? Honest, now tell me."

"Yes, sir," said the dentist.

"Can a fellow feel anything at all when he takes it?"

"No."

"Well, I'll take it."

"All right, sir, which tooth?"

"Tooth be hanged! I want you to take off a porous plaster."

The Automobile Imparts Good Advice—

"Brighten up," says the headlight.

"Don't be a knocker," says the Cylinder.

"Keep Cool," says the Fan.

"Don't blow too much," says the Horn.

"Be a Good Mixer," says the Carburetor.

"Avoid Friction," says the Bearing.

"Re-tire early," says the casing.

"Cut out the noise," says the Muffler.

"Be a Good Fellow," says the Wheel.

"A Quick turnover is what counts," says the Connecting Rod.

"One Good Turn deserves another," says the Crank.

LOST:—Five pounds. Reward offered if returned to Elizabeth Reed.

Visitor—"Who is Skeet?"
Ed M.—"Just a figure-head."

C. R. S.—"What is Mr. Kemp doing?"
J. M. H.—"Trying a new graft on Miss Lahr."

Miss B.—"Tom," give a definition for camouflage."
Tom L.—"An English book with a fiction book cover."

M. H.—"Where did you get your permanent wave, Elizabeth?"
E. R.—"Out of the lamp chimney."

H. E.—"Where are your glasses, Skeet?"
S. H.—"Dad put them on the Ford."

F. O.—"Tub don't think a horse shoe is lucky."
M. M.—"Why?"
F. O.—"He tried to do a horse-shoe bend at 40 per."

FINIS

(Legal Note)—I hereby do dedicate this rot to the Winchester High School Annual of 1923.

(Signed)

DANIEL EARL STORMES.

Why "Honey" was Slow.

She left her hubby alone in their room at the hotel while she did some shopping. When she returned the many doors and numbers confused her. But she soon decided which was her room. She knocked and called: "I'm back, Honey—let me in."

No answer.

"Honey, Honey—let me in!" she called, knocking harder. "Honey, it's me—please, Honey!"

Brief silence, then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madam, this is not a bee-hive; it's a bath-room."

If Miss Gordon's name is Hel-en Indiana, what would it be in Ohio?

The Juniors had a little goat,
They swallowed it one day,
And now they're eating shredded wheat
To give it it's daily hay.

Junior—"Would you like to go to the show tonight?"
Freshman girl blushing—"Oh, I'd be delighted."
Junior—"Then buy your ticket of me."

Margaret D.—"Would you like to hear some good music?"
Clarence W.—Yes, very much."
Margaret D.—"Then listen to the band around your hat."

OVER THE TELEPHONE

"Hello, thatchoo kid?"
"Sure, 'slil aint it?"
"Betchar life, whenja git back?"
"Lilwileago; whenjoo?"
" 'Smornin', javva a good time?"
"Uh-huh."
"Wherejago kid?"
" 'Sconsin, war joo?"
"Michigan, javer go?"
"Javvany fun?"
"Uh-huh lots."
"When're cummin' over?"
"Safernoon."
"Alrite, solong."
"Slong."

Silently one by one in the class books of the teachers, blossom the little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the pupils.

Harris—"What is the cause of so many famines in China?"
Isabelle P.—"Lack of food."

Freshman—"Marguerite, what does Edgar intend to be?"
Marguerite B.—"A pharmacist."
Freshman—"O, won't you hate to live on a farm?"

FAMOUS O'S

O Henry,
O By Heck,
O By Jingo,
Hello and Reverse,
O-hi-o.

Freshman—"Give me back my magazine."

Senior—"I won't do it, it say's "Everybody's Magazine."

THE FACULTY

When they are wanted
They can never be found,
And when they are not
They are always around.

Mrs. Lathrop (to Tom who wishes to go with big sister to a dance)—"No, dear, you cannot go this time. Wait until you are a big boy. Every dog has his day."

Tom (forlornly)—"But mamma, I'd like to have mine while I'm a pup."

The dog fills an empty place in a man's life—especially a "hot dog."

Schmitkin—"What did Burns do for rustic life?"

Rolla R.—"Cleaned the rust off."

Bones H.—"Is it possible to confide a secret in you?"

Charles S.—Certainly, I will be as silent as the grave."

Bones—"Well, then I have pressing need for two bucks."

Charles—"Worry not my friend, it is as if I had heard nothing."

Miss Baker.—"Why were you tardy?"

Don M.—"Class began before I got there."

Fred O.—"Mr. Schmitkin must have been up to all sorts of mischief when he was in school."

Beany C.—"Why?"

Fred—"Because he knows exactly what questions to ask when he wants to know what I have been doing."

He Registered 100%—

First Student—"How was the examination?"

Second Student—"Just like Edison's Questionnaire."

First Student—"What do you mean, Edison's Questionnaire?"

Second Student—"Oh, I could not answer any of them."

A Racial Uplifter—

Jack—"My brother takes up French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, German and Scotch."

Jill—"Goodness, when does he study?"

Jack—"Study! He doesn't study. He runs an elevator."

The Arts of Mnemonics—

On entering a postoffice to send a registered letter to her son in China an old German woman found that she had forgotten his address. She told the clerk of her predicament. "Ach, it sounds like an auto sóme vay," she told him.

"Toot-toot?" he asked. She shook her head. He then turned to his assistant.

"Joe," he inquired, "what noise does an automobile make?"

"Honk-honk," was the reply.

"Ach, dot's it," said the woman, and went away satisfied.

Checkmated—"We had quite a game up at the boarding house last night."

"Poker?"

"No, the landlady was going to lick one of the boys for not paying his board. I tried to checker, she jumped me, crowned him, and told us both to move."

"Did you do it?"

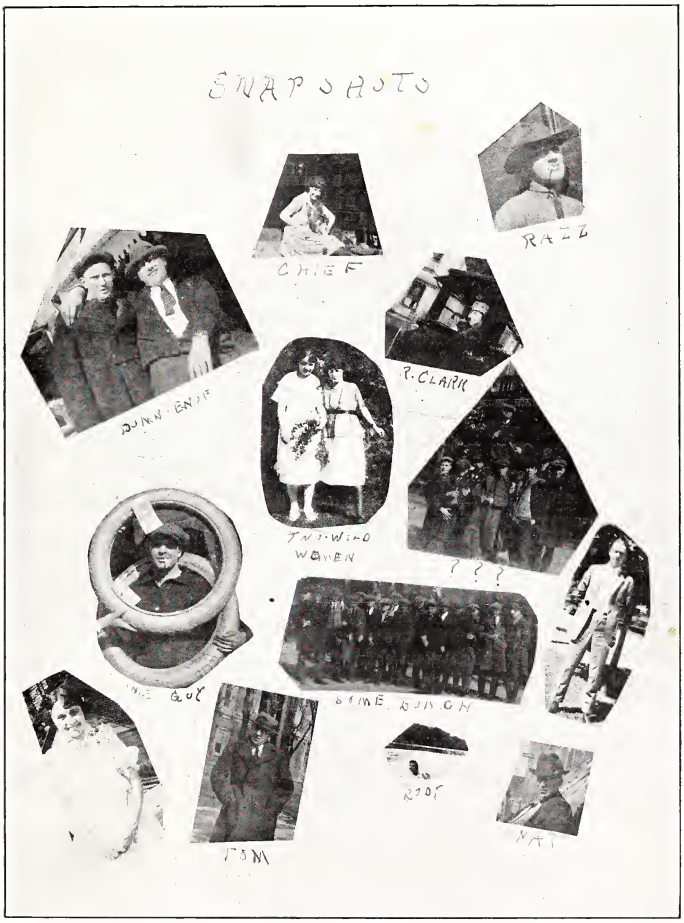
"Chess."

Minister to a small boy sitting on the curb—"My son, I hear that you are in the habit of swearing."

Small Boy—"Who told you so?"

Minister—"A little bird."

Small Boy—"One of those damn sparrows, I suppose."


SNAPSHOTS
CHIEF
RAZZ
DUNN-ENOF
R. CLARK
TNT-WILD WOMEN
???
SAME GUY
SAME UNION
ROOT
TOM
MAT

Comedy on Present Cinema

HERE'S a chance for an argument. Has the world and civilization advanced to the possibilities of the Great American Cinema, or is the general public unaware of the advance? If it is there's a wonderful chance for somebody in the future. Applications are now being accepted, get yours in early.

We wonder what King Tut's civilization would think if they were confronted with the same spectacular and hazardous events which we see today. Forty people emerge from a Ford Coupe, a moving van passes out of sight behind a telegraph pole, and an actor will wear the same shirt and collar throughout a play; some endurance test, isn't it, but it all happens in the movies.

Perhaps when they reopen Tut's tomb again this fall, the public will be introduced further into the knowledge of the drama of that age. We can rest assured that it's going to be magnificent, but it will be a back number compared with today.

Now to get down and cast some reflections upon the subject of Land dealing with the possibilities of modern Cinema we will begin first by discussing the topic in full.

You all know something of the rise of the Drama down to the silent drama. The attraction of the Cinema is quite magnetic; everything now is the lure of the Movies—no wonder there is such a place as Hollywood. Every girl over sixteen who possesses a pair of wonderfully arched eyebrows and has had mention in a beauty contest rushes west, just like the OLD FORTY NINERS. Of course we'll have to include the boys for you can always find some who can pass for anything. Look at Rudolph Valentino and Francis Buschman, they're pretty good in their line, but aside they would be about as useful as a cut-out at a funeral.

What do you say, let's run down and take in a movie, there you can see it all for yourself? We're off.

We stop on the corner of Main and Fifth and stroll up to the Alhambra, a pretty name, isn't it? Well, you find within, all the name implies. We purchase a couple of tickets from the blonde who takes your money, she tickles a key and resumes her interest in a Whiz Bang while your change and tickets come sliding down a chute.

We walk in and a boy ushers us down into a palace of silent wonder and leaves us with a couple of programs. We read, while others read aloud.

"The Alhambra"—"Home of the Silent Drama."

"Corner of Main and Fifth"—"New Program each evening."

We turn the page and find ourselves confronted with a score of advertisements and announcements. We read again—"Buy your neckties at Appletons"—"Mutual Life Insurance, Berrymore Building." "Coming—Babe Ruth in 'The Last of the Ninth;' " "Harold Lloyd in 'Grandma's Boy;" and "Theda Bara in 'Salome." "Butler's Cafe—for good things to eat." "Coming—Monday—Katherine MacDonald in 'Drury Lane.' " "Today's program—John Barrymore in 'Fury"—and—Ham Hamilton in 'Hamlet.' "

The lights dim, and the organist starts to play. You can't tell what it is—sounds like "Minuet in G" or "Memphis Blues." A light pierces the gloom and the show is on. The letters take shape on the screen and we read—"Hamlet—Vitagraph Picture, Inc.—passed by Ohio State Board of Censors."

We behold an ancient castle in Denmark, then the interior view; electric lights; running water and bath in each room; supplement of the "Staller" in Cleveland. An

elevator and even a bar room. Some class to old Hamlet, isn't there?

Then a scene on the castle's turret—The guards pace the walls—and Oh! There's a ghost—do you see him?—looks like an advertisement for Williams Shaving Cream—all white and be-whiskered. The guard opens a door in the wall and steps in a telephone booth and calls young Hamlet who comes running up. And he says: "Well, hello there Dad—what are you doing up this time of night? I thought you were dead?" And Hamlet, the ghost answers—"Tut—Tut—Son—Nothing else but—but I'm enjoying myself now. I'm just down from Chicago and I thought while I was in town I would stop and put you wise to a few things." Can you beat that—"just down from Chicago"—and he was supposed to have lived ages ago, and then walking around late at night and dead at that, and having the guards put in a call for him. Wouldn't old man Bell have a fit if he supposed that some one else had the edge on the telephone—, or Mr. Edison—and his electric lights? Well, old man Hamlet tells his son how his Mother and the gentleman who's her second husband, are planning to steal all his dough. From now on we'll call his stepfather the King.

Old man Hamlet leaves, and young Hamlet goes down and coues a couple of games or three with Polonius. They play the rube and Polonius steals the nine ball—he's kind of a crook anyway. He's working in a down town hardware store to raise enough coin to send Laertes to Harvard. Hamlet catches on, but says nothing. He turns out the lights and prepares to retire.

While Hamlet is winding up his Big Ben and doing his daily dozen, the King and Queen are down stairs figuring out how they can "go south" with Hamlet's inheritance.

The King gets up and winds up the victrola and says: "Well, Queenie, it's up to you, of course, don't let your conscience interefere, our plan will work. The cablegram is good." And Queenie says—'Well, alright—perhaps I can get that new seal skin cloak I wanted."

So the next morning Hamlet receives the fake telegram from Lord Salisbury, saying he is invited to accompany him to see the Music Box Review on the sixth. Hamlet accepts and this being the fourth, he engages passages on the "Imperator" for himself and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and they sail at ten for London.

The voyage is a beauty, the British Navy maneuvering in the channel and the sausage balloons go floating by—Grand, isn't it? When half way across, the "Imperator" is stopped and boarded by a gronp of rum pirates from "Atlanta" or "Nassau." Hamlet is taken captive and the ship bar is confiscated.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern continue the voyage. I don't know whether they saw the Music Box Review, Piccadilly Circus or Hyde Park—anyway they never returned.

Hamlet is taken to a port in Denmark, where he is held for ransom, but he soon pays out with a check on the Exchange Bank. He buys a case of mule and expresses it home. Buys a newspaper after leaving the theatre and learns the true details of the plot of the King and Queen. So he sends them a telegram—telling them to go slow with his dough, or he'll have Scotland Yards on them. Next day he entrains for home.

When he gets home, Ophelia, his sweetheart, meets him at the station in a taxi—She loves, but her love is lost—as Hamlet fell for a skirt in Saxony while on a hunting trip and he tells her to go look for another dollar mark. At this, she returns home sighing, and drowns herself next day while fishing. Hamlet paid his respects and gave the undertaker a royalty. That evening there was a big play at the court. Regular tragedy I guess—anyway, it was to give the old King a few pointers on how to get rid of Hamlet. Just about the time the King gets a few pointers he steps out to call the Queen on the phone. But Hamlet is using the phone upstairs and overhears

the conversation. So the King's plans are revealed.

After the play was over and all the guests had departed, Hamlet starts upstairs and in the hall he comes on the King kneeling in prayer. At first he thought of rushing in and killing him, but on a second thought he decided to give him one more chance to get saved. He passes on deciding to interview his mother and determine her actions in the plot. He enters and talks with her. She becomes nervous and tries to conceal her guilt in tears. Now Polonis, who was playing cribbage with her previous to Hamlet's entrance, hid behind the curtain in the window casing. He was juggling the fish bowl and dropped and broke it. Hamlet thinking his time had come, pulls out his automatic and shoots. Polonius falls, muttering—"God save Queenie," and dropped dead on the floor, the nine ball rolling out of his waistcoat. Hamlet says, "Nickel on the nine ball, but it cost him his life."

They buried Polonius next day without much dog and things passed along hardly noticed for a time. Hamlet busied himself with Fan-Tan and Golf. Now since Laertes' source of income had ceased (since the death of his father) he leaves college. On his return he is greeted by the King and Queen who tell him of the death of his father and sister. Of course Laertes wants revenge and so the King and Queen decide to have a duel in celebration of Armistice Day—just to destroy the sense of plot against Hamlet.

On Tuesday at two o'clock it started. Hamlet and Laertes enter the ring, the gong sounds and the fight is on. Now the king gets dry so he orders Horatio to bring up a case of mule that Hamlet had sent home—the command is obeyed.

The King uncorks a bottle of supposed to be—"Gordia Gilie"—pours a drink and passes it to the queen who drops an aspirin tablet in for good measure. The King also spikes his and drinks. The gong sounds and the first round is over, they take their corners. They are rubbed down and dashed with cold water and given a drink of gin. The gong sounds and the second round is on. By the middle of the second round the king's all in, taken sick, too much mule. They carry him out and he dies on the way to the hospital. The Queen springs a similar attack and dies. Laertes is four sheets in the wind and Hamlet is winded. Suddenly Hamlet lands an uppercut and strikes Laertes down. Then himself falling on a ring side spike. Laertes never gained consciousness and Hamlet died later in the afternoon from auto-intoxication and wounds. The liquor was doped and the brewers are now being tried in New Orleans for murder.

Now this is the end of the show, the organist ceases and the light fades.

THE END.

Tomorrow
Bebe Daniels—in "The Man in the Moon."
News Reel Program.
We thank you—Good Night!

The Triangular Debate

The Union City High School challenged the Winchester and Portland High Schools to a debate. Each High School was to have a negative and an affirmative team. The question for debate was, Resolved "That all labor disputes affecting Unions of National scope should be settled by compulsory arbitration."

The members of the negative team for Winchester High School were Margnerite Brown, Mary Heaston and Gordon Williams and the alternate was Elizabeth Reed. The members of the affirmative team were Margaret Turner, Marjorie Gray and Leroy McBride and the alternate was Bernice Watkins. The first form of the question was changed to read, Resolved: "That all labor disputes in public and quasi public industries should be submitted to compulsory arbitration." This change was made between the Union City High School and the Winchester High School, but not with Portland. There was not, however, enough difference in the statement of the question to make the debate impossible.

This triangular debate was held April 10th in Winchester, Union City and Portland. Union City's negative team debated with Portland. Portland's negative debated with Winchester. Winchester's negative team debated with Union City.

The Portland affirmative team won over Union City. The Winchester affirmative team won over Portland, and the Union City affirmative team won over Winchester. From this report we would judge that the three schools were well matched.

The Sophomore A Hike

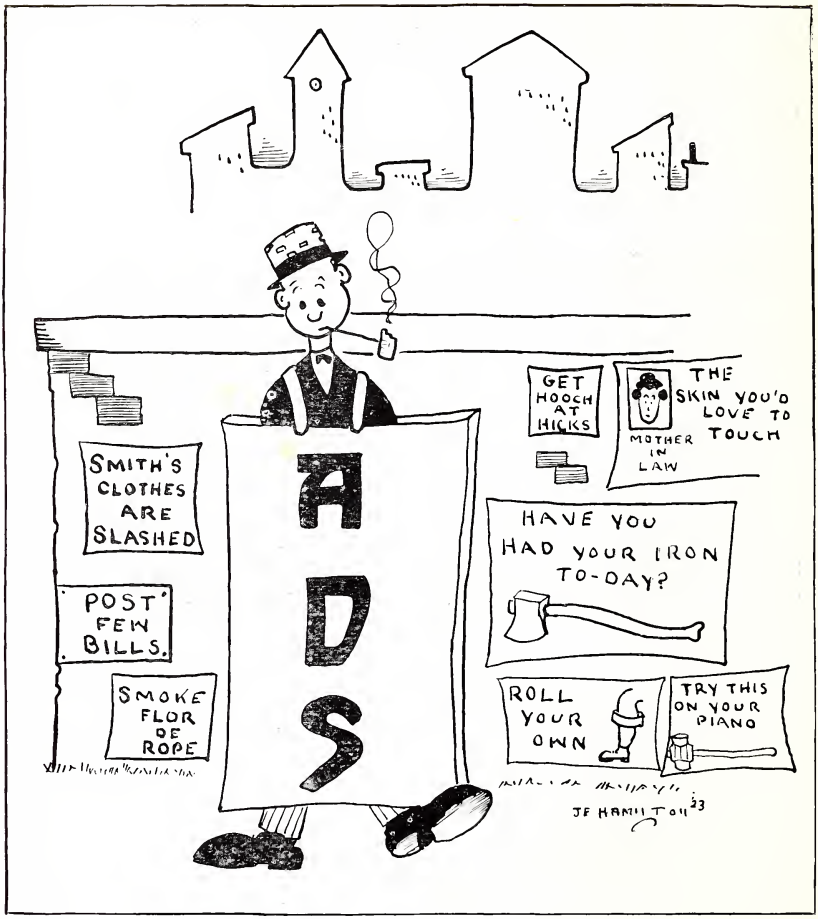
The Sophomere A's hiked to the end of the cement road April 25th. Mr. Kemp proved to be a jolly chaperon and was very valuable in climbing trees to obtain the sticks for the "weinies." The eats were fine—"weinies," marshmallows, buns and pickles with the accompanying ashes of every such feast.

Nothing more exciting happened than having to walk a half a mile to a supposed spring which was only a frog pond.

We came in about seven-thirty and anyone along the road will tell you that what we lacked in number was made up in noise. On Tuesday, May 1st, the Physics and Chemistry classes planned to go through the Glass Factory and afterwards have a "weiner roast." The Physics class went to the Factory, but the Seniors, who are always busy, could not find time. At seven-thirty P. M. both classes met at the White-Brady Drug Store and from there walked to the bridge on the Union City Pike. There, beside the creek, they made a roaring fire. Long sticks were obtained from the trees nearby, and soon every one was toasting "weiners" in the fire. Buns, pickles and olives were "served" with the "weiners. Toasted marshmallows were the dessert.

When all appetites had been satisfied the crowd all joined in playing, "Three Deep." Even the chaperones discarded their diguity and touched upon boister.

The tired but happy bunch started back to town at 9:45 P. M.


SMITH'S CLOTHES ARE SLASHED
POST FEW BILLS.
SMOKE FLOR DE ROPE
A D S
GET HOOCH AT HICKS
THE SKIN YOU'D LOVE TO TOUCH
MOTHER IN LAW
HAVE YOU HAD YOUR IRON TO-DAY?
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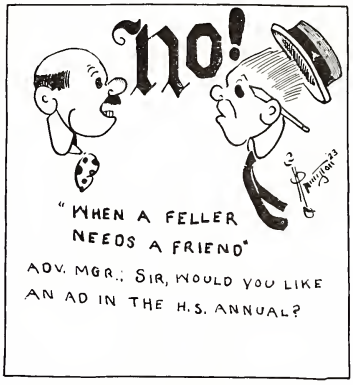

ALARMING SITUATION

Mr. Kemp (very excited)—"Hello, is this the fire department?"

Fire Department—"Yes, what do you want?"

Mr. Kemp—"Please tell me where the nearest fire alarm box is to my house. My laboratory is on fire."

Customer—"That fountain pen you sold me wasn't any good."

Tom L.—"What was the matter with it?"

Customer—"The other day when writing with it, it stopped writing all of a sudden."

Tom—"Did you fill it?"

Customer—"No, it said self-filling on the box."

Mary M.—"You are hoarse this morning. You must have caught cold in the theatre last night."

Ruth C.—"Shouldn't wonder. I sat in the Z row (zero.)

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